



THE AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE

SEPTEMBER

1945

The Last Hour

By Leonard H. Nason

More and Better Football

By Bernie Bierman

The Link-Up Was a Frolic

By John Groth



Color photograph by Léon De Vos

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THE AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE

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The Editor's Corner

IN OUR NEXT ISSUE we shall carry a highly important article by United States Senator Tom Connally, Chairman of the Senate's Foreign Relations Committee and a member of the American delegation to the San Francisco Conference, on the World Charter. Legionnaire Connally presented the Charter to his Senate colleagues shortly after he returned to Washington, in line with the provision of the Constitution which provides that the President of the United States "shall have power by and with the consent of the Senate to make

(Continued on page 4)

A service man or woman would like to read this copy of your Legion Magazine. For overseas, seal the envelope and put on fifteen cents in stamps, as first class postage is required. If you put the *National Legionnaire* in the envelope carrying the magazine overseas, make the postage eighteen cents instead of fifteen. For the home front the mailing charge for the magazine and the *National Legionnaire* is four cents—unsealed envelope. For the magazine alone, three cents.

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The Editors cannot be responsible for unsolicited manuscripts unless return postage is enclosed. Names of characters in our fiction and semi-fiction articles that deal with types are fictitious. Use of the name of any person living or dead is pure coincidence.

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Family



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War machines that save lives



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Protection of artificial fog to conceal troop movements... Warmth of electric blankets to protect wounded airmen... Better chances of rescue for men shipwrecked or shot down at sea... these are just some of the things that U.S. commanders asked for to protect American troops.

On this page are a few of these war machines that *save* lives—in which G-E research and engineering played a part. General Electric Company, Schenectady, N. Y.



Stealing the enemy's eyes. Our soldiers carry their "fog" with them, mobile smoke generators that blanket whole battle areas in dense white mist. New U.S. smoke machine uses a brand-new

principle of smoke generation first worked out in the General Electric Research Laboratory by Dr. Irving Langmuir. These smoke machines have saved many American lives at fighting fronts.



Solar searchlight designed by G. E., in cooperation with the National Bureau of Standards, gives flyers and sailors adrift at sea a way to signal rescuers as far away as ten miles. Most important problem was to find a method of aiming mirror so pilot of plane would catch the reflection of the sun.



Diagnosing flyers' troubles. Photos of subjects in high-altitude test chamber, taken with General Electric x-ray equipment, show the formation of tiny gaseous bubbles in tissues and joints, a condition described as more painful than rheumatism. X-ray studies like this help answer what happens in high-altitude flights.



Blanket saves flyers' lives. In high-altitude bombers, wounded airmen need emergency protection against freezing cold. Now General Electric is supplying the Army Air Forces with electrically heated "casualty blankets" that automatically maintain a protective warmth in temperatures as low as 60 below zero.

Hear the G-E radio programs: *The G-E All-girl Orchestra*, Sunday 10 p. m. EWT, NBC—*The World Today* news, Monday through Friday 6:45 p. m. EWT, CBS—*The G-E House Party*, Monday through Friday 4:00 p. m. EWT, CBS.

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THE EDITOR'S CORNER

(Continued from page 2)

treaties, provided two-thirds of the Senators present concur." Mr. Connally, a Democrat from Texas, was warmly seconded in this action by Senator Arthur H. Vandenberg, Republican of Michigan, who was also a member of the American delegation at San Francisco. The Connally article will tell the average American how he can help make the Charter a power for world peace.

The World Charter was signed by representatives of fifty nations on June 26th, in the Golden Gate city. President Truman asked the Senate to ratify the document quickly. National Commander Scheiberling, a consultant at the San Francisco Conference, placed the Legion squarely behind ratification.

ON THE VERY DAY that the Allied and neutral nations were signing the Charter, Leo T. Crowley, U.S. Foreign Economic Administrator, speaking from Washington warned the peoples of the world that despite the heavy bombing to which Germany was subjected in the final months of the war in Europe, "the better part" of her economic and industrial strength remains intact, and that it could be put in readiness for another war in a comparatively short time, unless destroyed or controlled by a systematic Allied disarmament policy carried out over "many decades."

In a 100-page statement the FEA head said it had become apparent that if the Germans had been able to hold out six months longer they could have smashed New York with improved V-2 bombs. "Only a little longer period would have been needed," he went on, "to bring into production the jet-propelled planes that could have reached Washington."

Mr. Crowley's statement was presented to a subcommittee of the Senate Military Affairs Committee. Senator Harley M. Kilgore, Democrat of West Virginia and head of the sub-committee, said on this same occasion that if Germany had been able to hold the Rhine defenses ninety days longer she would have gained fighter plane superiority.

Let's all remember these things when anybody pleads for easy terms for Germany or Japan.

WE SHALL NEVER FORGET the men who have died and are dying in this war for survival of all that we hold dear. Whatever this nation can do for the families of those making the supreme sacrifice must be done through the years to come. Lip-service to our dead and disabled is easy and popular while the war is still being fought, and thus far that lip-service is accompanied by benevolent action by a majority of the population, who realize what all of us owe these men.

But a few years from now some of our citizens will seek to welsh on the clear-cut obligation the nation assumed when it asked a segment of its citizenry to stand between it and destruction. The Legion intends to see that there shall be no repudiation of the debt of honor.

Herewith some lines from James Russell Lowell's *Commemoration Ode*, written in 1865 but truly expressive of the feelings of Americans of this generation toward their hallowed war-dead:

We sit here in the Promised Land
That flows with freedom's honey and
milk;

But 'twas they won it, sword in hand,
Making the nettle danger for us soft
as silk,

We welcome back our bravest and our
best;—

Ah me! not all! some come not with
the rest,

Who went forth brave and bright as
any here!

I strive to mix some gladness with my
strain,

But the sad strings complain,
And will not please the ear:

I sweep them for a paean, but they
wane

Again and yet again

Into a dirge, and die away, in pain.

In these brave ranks I only see the
gaps,

Thinking of dear ones whom the dumb
turf wraps,

Dark to the triumph which they died
to gain:

Fitlier may others greet the living,
For me the past is unforgiving;

I with uncovered head

Salute the sacred dead

Who went, and who return not. . . .

ALEXANDER GARDINER

MERRY CHRISTMAS!

The reason for this pre-dated holiday greeting is because several millions of our armed forces will spend another Christmas in far-off places of the world. In order to insure delivery of Christmas packages overseas, our military establishment again urges that you do your Christmas shopping and shipping between September 15th and October 15th.

The size and weight of packages for overseas delivery remain the same: Length of package, 15 inches; length and girth combined, 36 inches. Maximum weight, 5 pounds.

Get those packages of Christmas cheer on their way promptly!

The dog with the "choke-bored" nose



A MAN we know has the most quail-crazy pointer we've ever seen. She has a nose that reaches out like a choke-bored gun. One day we saw that dog stop dead on a point astride an old rail fence, a bird still in her mouth. No wonder she's called the dog with the "choke-bored" nose.

Perhaps soon we can again supply sportsmen with Remington shotguns

and rifles, Remington Express and Shur Shot shells, Remington Hi-Speed 22's with Kleanbore priming, and Remington big game cartridges with soft-point Core-Lokt bullets. Right now we're making military materiel. For a free color enlargement of this painting, write to Remington Arms Company, Inc., Dept. J-9, Bridgeport 2, Conn.



Remington Model 31 pump action repeating shotgun, and Remington Shur Shot shells.



Remington



"If It's Remington—It's Right!"

PAPER PACKS A WAR PUNCH—SAVE IT!

Hi-Speed Express, and Kleanbore are Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.; Core-Lokt and Shur Shot are trade marks of Remington Arms Co., Inc.

To Hold the Torch High

ADDRESSING OUR twenty-sixth annual National Convention a year ago, President Truman—then a Senator from Missouri—said:

"This largest of veterans' organizations faces a very great responsibility now and in the immediate future.

"The American Legion can make one of the greatest contributions to the welfare of this great Republic if it assumes that responsibility—and I am sure it will do just that."

As I interpret these words, the man who is now our President, veteran and Legionnaire, "threw the torch" to The American Legion.

As National Commander, elected at the same convention, I assumed the responsibility for the Legion carrying the torch. I am proud to say that the Legion has held it high.

During the last twelve months, The American Legion has made notable contributions to the cause of veterans and our country. We have built well for the veterans of World War II who, in time, will take over the organization built on the hopes of veterans fresh from World War I. We have pointed the way to lasting peace, preparedness and economic security. Legion Departments and Posts, strengthened by the influx of veterans of World War II, are flourishing.

However, the very conditions which have strengthened the Legion and brought into bold relief the tremendous responsibilities and challenges of the times, have militated against building Legion solidarity. We have been forced to abandon many local, state and national gatherings which provided that interchange of thought and experience so vital to our progress and our future.

As a result, the national organization is confronted with the problem of knitting together the far-flung outposts of the Legion. This is necessary so our objectives will be backed by unity. It can be achieved through the Americanism Endowment Fund—the medium through which The American Legion can unite its membership in a great undertaking for rebuilding and strengthening the structure of our pattern of life.



BY EDWARD N. SCHEIBERLING

National Commander, The American Legion

It is significant that of nearly three-score foundations and funds dedicated to human progress, the Americanism Endowment Fund is the first proposal to uphold and defend the Constitution and to promote a liberal and practical education of our people as to the privileges, obligations and responsibilities of citizenship in the United States.

As National Commander, I urge every Legionnaire and citizen to recognize the great possibilities ahead for the Legion as an independent influence for the common good. Veterans will dominate the American scene for many years ahead. They will participate in public affairs to an extent not yet fully realized. Already, ambitious groups representing segments of our population, and ambitious individuals are seeking to use veterans as a cloak to screen their purposes.

Free from political, economic and religious ties, the Legion is prepared to assume leadership in preserving the things veterans fought for. The Americanism Endowment Fund will provide the resources, facilities and manpower to make this leadership effective.

Success of the Americanism Endowment Fund is the Legion's No. 1 challenge.

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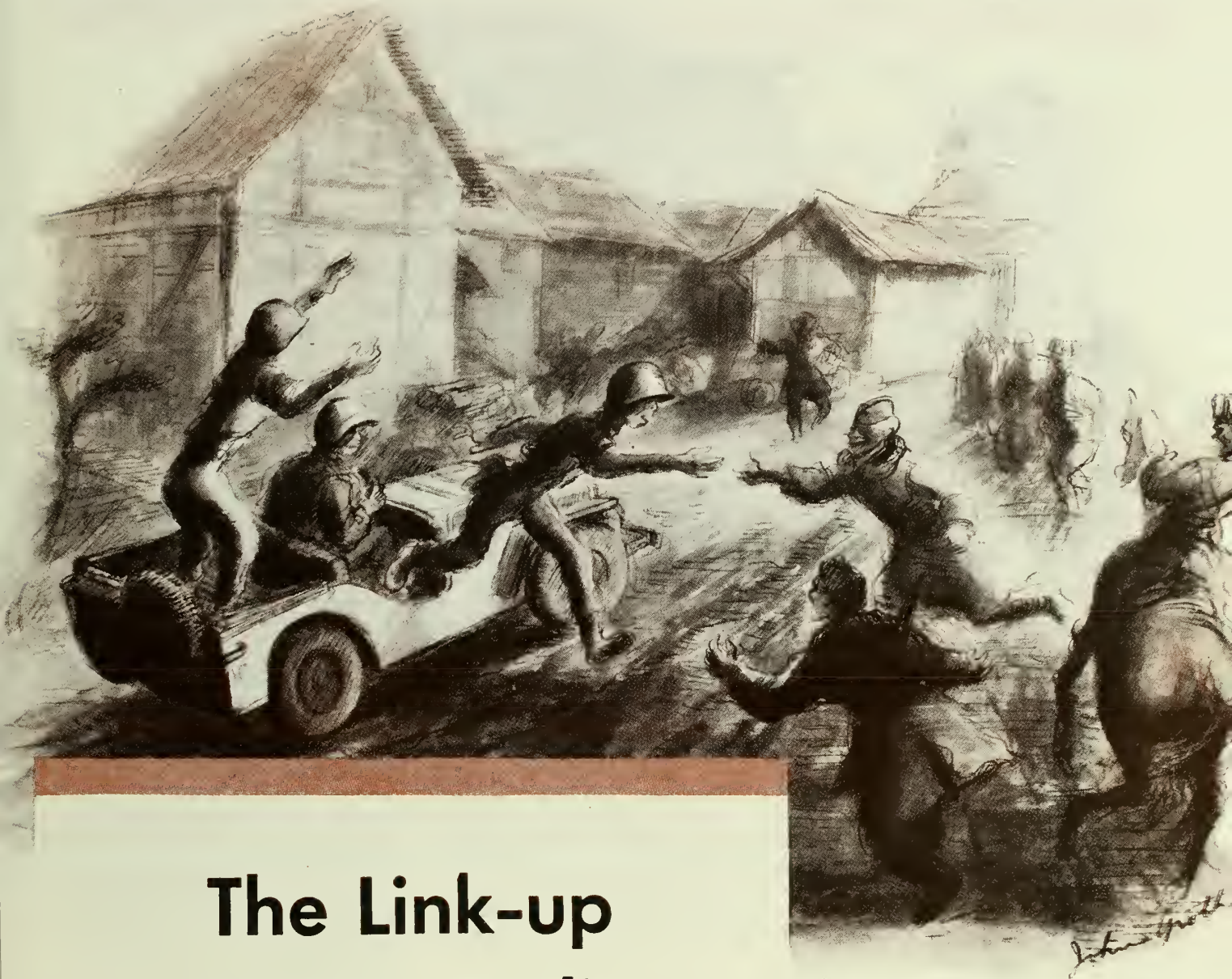
That's happening thousands of times every day now and we'd like to get every one of those calls through as quickly as possible.

So if the Long Distance operator says — "Please limit your call to 5 minutes" — that's to help everybody. It might be a service man who is waiting to get on the line.

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The Link-up Was a Frolic

By John Groth

Platoon Sergeant Raymond Gard of Ottumwa, Ia. and Russian Private Wassily Paschelytny of Kiev made history as they threw themselves into each other's arms, on the edge of the village of Apollonsdorf

Paris
FROM THE TIME the Americans hit the beaches in Normandy until they were held up at the Elbe by orders from SHAEF, they had been looking forward to meeting the Russians. They had been up against the most terrific foe in the history of the world, the German soldier. The fighting at St. Lo and on the Siegfried Line made our men wonder what kind of men these Russians were who had driven a thousand miles from Stalingrad through such opposition.

We had the Germans outnumbered, had superior equipment and dominated the sky, but still the going had been tough for us. Few of our American soldiers had ever seen a Russian. All that most of them had seen were newsreels and photographs of them. Now, in the last days of April, the linkup was imminent—the broad band of German soldiery that had separated the armies of the two Allies had shrunk to a thin, reptile-like thread. Any day, any minute, some outfit would cut that thread and find Russians instead of Germans.

Where the Elbe bends to the west about fifty miles southwest of Berlin, the 83d Division of the Ninth Army was holding the only American bridgehead east of the Elbe. Like everyone else in our Army, I wanted to be in on the linkup. Being free to move because I was a correspondent, I jeeped over the President Truman pontoon bridge and joined 1st Lt. Samuel W. Magill of Ashtabula, Ohio, who was heading a patrol in the deepest point of the salient into enemy territory—a village a thousand yards west of Zerbst.



An eyewitness account of just what happened when Yank and Soviet soldiers first met in the dying Third Reich. Groth had been on a personal search for the Russian spearheads, afoot, by boat and by plane. His sketches are authentic history

At left, Sergeant Gard and Private Paschelytny dance in the streets

The GI was curious to know what the Russian girl's service ribbons indicated



Zerbst, a town of ten thousand, was the main railroad and communications center in this part of the narrowing German escape corridor from Berlin to the Bavarian Alps Redoubt, and was held by two thousand SS men and Hitler Jugend. We were throwing artillery at Zerbst in an effort to bring about its surrender. We weren't risking men in frontal attacks against Germans when our only objective at this time on the east bank of the Elbe was to contact the Russians.

Young Sam Magill was already famous as the lieutenant whose platoon of 25 men brought about the surrender of 20,000 Germans at Orleans last September. We climbed onto the beams of the easternmost barn of the village and through an aperture in a broken gable he showed me Zerbst. Balancing on a beam 20 feet above the

Illustrated by the Author
in Germany

straw-covered floor, and keeping my head within the shadow of the roof. I saw the usual picture-book silhouette of a German town, with church towers and grain elevators reaching into the sky. An artillery observer to one side of me was calling back corrections to his battery some place behind us. While I watched one tower, getting a direct hit, shuddered into the town below. The fields between the barn and Zerbst were empty and yellow, except for the brown-black carcasses of gas-inflated cows that lay like the animals from toy farms children play with. The only color note was an orange-red barn.

Magill called my attention to movement to the right of the barn. Looking through

the glasses, I saw the green uniforms of Germans sprinting low from behind a hay stack and into the barn. The artillery observer phoned back the position of the barn and after a few minutes of explosions and corrections the barn disintegrated into the brighter red of fire.

Zerbst surrendered the next day and the prisoners from the town were joined by surrendering Germans from areas farther east. Our welcome in Zerbst was friendlier than any we had met in the sweep across Germany. Lilac blossoms were thrown from windows onto our tanks and jeeps and among the white flags that hung like laundry there was one homemade American flag. It was evident that the Russians were very close. Germans had done terrible things to the Russians and expected the Russians to do terrible things to them. Their only hope was to become prisoners of the Americans.

An armored column of the 125th Cavalry, which was supporting the 83d, barreled southeastward along the Elbe and took Rosslau without a shot being fired. News was received of the fall of Wittenberg to the Russians about 20 miles away. The column then pushed toward Wittenberg, took Coswig half way to Wittenberg, and waited there.

The unit I was with had hard going trying to get to Coswig from Rosslau. No sooner would we leave the edge of town than German soldiers would walk out of the forest asking to be taken prisoner. We loaded them on radiators of jeeps and took them back to the town square at Rosslau, where they were loaded on trucks for ship-

Mortified that one of their mines had wrecked the jeep, the Russians lent a hand as the medics bore the wounded American down across the valley to the ambulance





ment across the Elbe, happy to be captured by the Americans. With the guns and ammunition we had taken from the Germans, we were bandoleered and armed like Mexican bandits. The lead tanks of the column had met resistance on the way to Coswig and we passed burnt-out German tanks, contorted German dead and broken buildings where Hitler Youth had been firing panzerfausts. We passed a burning ammunition column. As we approached it there was an occasional bursting of shells and we held our breath while paralleling it. As we passed the last vehicle a truck somewhere behind us exploded.

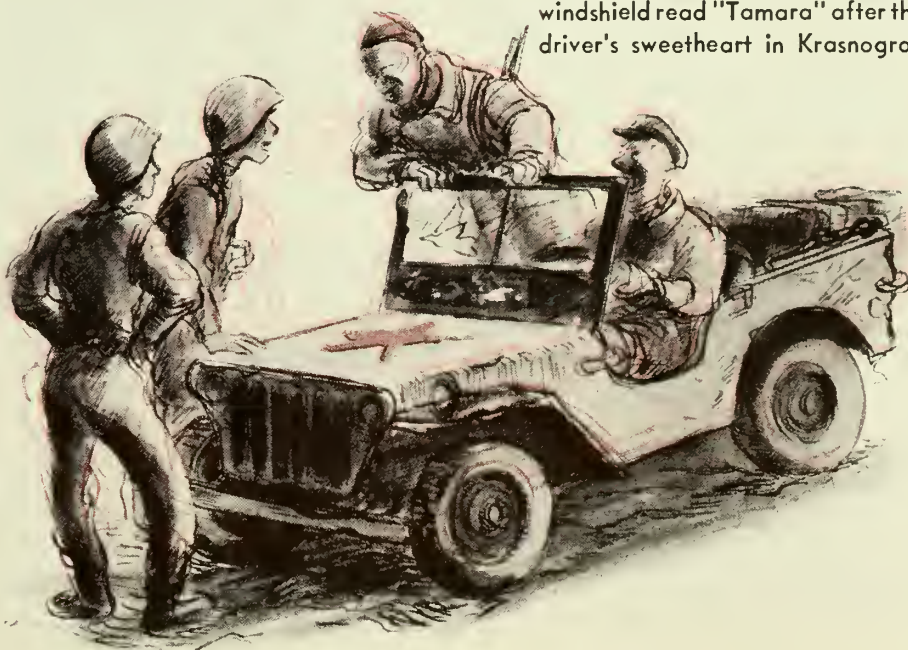
We caught the main column at Coswig and joined one of two smaller columns which were probing in the direction of the Russians. The white faces of German refugees told us that the Red Army was not far behind. Each turn now in the forest road held anticipation of meeting with either the gray green of the enemy or the khaki and blue of the First Ukrainian Army. The advance vehicle of our column had stopped in the light that spelled the edge of the forest. There was noise of a machine gun up forward, then quiet, and then the sound of cheers. Drawing abreast of the lead vehicles, I could see on the other side of a valley—Russians. On the near edge of the village of Appolonsdorf, at 1:30 P.M. on the afternoon of April

30th, the American Ninth Army had met the First Ukrainian Army and the historic link-up was fact.

In the road, in blue, full-skirted coats that seemed to grow out of the ground, were Russians who waved rifles. One of
(Continued on page 42)

Both Americans and Russians were busy with cameras, most of them captured from the Germans, making a pictorial record of the fete

The Yanks were highly intrigued by the big red star on the jeep. Its windshield read "Tamara" after the driver's sweetheart in Krasnograd



Three Gentlemen of F

By Leo A. Smith

A Legionnaire who was a member of their company at West Point tells you some revealing things about a trio whom all America delights to honor



General of the Army Dwight D. Eisenhower, USMA '15. He overcame the handicap of a football injury which would have kept most men from graduating

STROLLING THROUGH a hotel in Davenport, Iowa, one Sunday afternoon in October, 1919, I came upon some army officers shooting pool. A young lieutenant colonel of the Tank Corps was watching them. Most of his class at West Point, probably all except him, had been majors during the war and were now back to captaincies. But Dwight David Eisenhower was still wearing the silver leaves.

I walked over to him. "Do you remember me, Colonel?"

"Certainly—Smith, L. A." A cadet with a common name is greeted in this manner—his distinguished initials are always added on. Then he continued in a tone of reproach.

"What the devil are you doing out of uniform!"

I knew what was in his mind. Out of the living graduates of my class (1918 lost many in battle) forty recently had resigned. They had had their war. There wouldn't be another. Henceforth, life in the Army would be humdrum—an anticlimax. I knew he resented these resignations. I probably would have received a sales talk on re-en-

tering the Service, had he not spotted the silver button on my lapel.

"Sorry Smith. Are you badly disabled?"

"I couldn't be a doughboy, but I guess I could still fly were it not for too strong family objections. Anyway, I was 'found' after you were graduated—I did re-enter the Army." That was news to him. "Found" is West Point argot for "honorably discharged."

"Flying, eh! Sit down! Where did you serve?"

"Ike" Eisenhower lost interest in the pool game. I told him I had served with the 221st French Escadrille, the 135th Aero Squadron—first Liberty-motored outfit—and, after being wounded, was Information Officer of the Training Section of the Air Service, A.E.F.

For about three quarters of an hour, I answered aviation questions. The man's mind is a sponge for military information. He had studied the rudiments of all branches but tanks and aviation at West Point. Aviation was then a mere infant. Tanks were not born. Now in 1919, he probably knew as much about tanks as

any man living. But Smith, L. A., knew more about aviation than he. Eisenhower was never averse to learning from younger men if they could teach him something. So few people have or acquire this trait. If a buck private develops a successful fighting tactic of his own, and the General hears of it, the Army will soon know it, too.

The quiz session over, Eisenhower asked, "Are you going to the game?"

I had an Easterner's squeamishness about Sunday sports, but I answered, "Sure, let's go. Who's playing?"

He looked at me with a queer grin. "Hell, there's nobody playing here. I mean the Army and Navy game."

"Everything's open here on Sunday," I replied. "That's why I thought you meant a local game. The Army-Navy fracas is over a month off and it is back in Philadelphia. I might be on the Pacific Coast then. I can't run back East for it. I've got a living to make."

"What the devil sort of a West Pointer are you? Now me, if I'm anywhere in the United States, I'll be at that game, even if I've got to go AWOL."



General Mark W. Clark, '17. His journey by submarine to make arrangements for the African landings was in character with his Academy exploits



General Omar N. Bradley, '15, Top Kick of F, who secured a transfer. The new Veterans Administrator was a great athlete and a great leader of men

And believe me he was. Called back East for a conference at game time, I told the story to some officers in Philadelphia. They laughed. We did not see him but we knew he was there. "Ike" is an incurable football nut," one remarked.

Eisenhower had won his "A" in football. In his second year he suffered a broken knee in the game with Tufts. On hikes, he rode a horse. The "tacs" (tactical officers) saw to that. The knee would not stand up in infantry work. On the two weeks' hike, he threw it out the first day or two.

They had to lift him off his horse. He went on in the ambulance. The Board could have retired him as a second lieutenant. But Eisenhower, bad knee notwithstanding, was kept on to graduate. He had spirit. He was a morale builder. I think the Academic Board realized this. Years have proved it was well he was not retired.

It looked bad for us in the 1915 Navy game. Spirit was low. But chief cheerleader Eisenhower called a rally of the Corps in the "Area" the night before the game. He gave us the greatest "pep" talk

I've ever heard. He radiated confidence. He was never licked.

"Many of you call me a 'football nut,'" he shouted. "I am! It would be a damned good thing for the team if all of you were as football nutty as I. We'd win! Now let's get some steam, volume and cadence in those cheers."

We were all football nuts when "tattoo" sounded. The cheering next day was perfect. Army won! Was it the Eisenhower spirit that *really* won?

If "Ike's" knee still bothered him when we went into World War One, he could fly a plane or ride in a tank. He wanted to fly, but he landed in the Tank Corps. Fate, therefore, through that injured knee, may have had much to do with his rise to General of the Army—he was in on the ground floor for future mechanization of fighting forces. Certainly it gave him a higher rank to have joined the tanks.

But I rather think he would have reached his goal anyway. The secret of Eisenhower's success is not due to the circumstances of a broken knee cap but rather to a terrific enthusiasm, masterfully directed.

Many people have great capacity and unbounded enthusiasm, but most of them are carried away by lack of direction and hence go off on a tangent.

But to arrive where he has, "Ike" also needed personality. This he has in abundance. When you meet him, you feel perfectly at ease. You have met a warm character who seems interested in *you*. Politicians develop this trait. Eisenhower's is natural and genuine.

As a cadet, when the yearlings were "piping furlough," singing their vacation songs in the spring time at the Battle Monument, you often found First Classman Eisenhower with them, yelling "Yea, furlough" as lustily as any yearling. He had one song he sang so often that any West Pointer of those days will have a feeling of nostalgia at its mention. It was "Bury Me Not on the Lone Prairie"—only he changed the "not" to "out."

In 1915, the Corps of Cadets, about 750 strong, consisted of two battalions each containing three companies. So that the Corps would appear from the reviewing

(Continued on page 48)



The Last Hour

by Leonard H. Nason

Steamer Nason's two-war accumulation of "ribbons and ropes" nearly settled his hash as he was leaving the Army flat on its back by getting into civvies. Here's how

YES, LADY, I am the man you used to know, but I have grown thinner because I have been in the Army for four-and-a-half years. I just got out—yesterday, in fact—and I look funny because I am in uniform except my coat, which belonged this morning to our janitor. But I was in somewhat of a rush to get my uniform off, and with the clothing shortage, had to take what I could get.

Yes, ma'am, shirt, shoes, pants, and tie are all military, but when I put on the janitor's old coat, I become a civilian, and I couldn't do it fast enough. A guy that has been in as many wars as I have, lady, gets all plastered up with ribbons and gold stripes and various doo-dads, and when I have on my blouse, if I had a candle on either shoulder I'd look like a Christmas tree.

And so because of it, after two wars, two wounds, two landings, one shipwreck, the closest call I had was the last hour I was in the service, and of all the krauts I have seen since Château-Thierry, it was the last one that was the worst of all. Yes, thank you, you might fill it up if you'd be so kind . . .

This was a different kind of war from the last one, lady, which after all was not

too bad a war, as wars go. Even at its worst a man could always sneak off for a few hours and find someone could cook him an omelette, and give him a bottle of vin rouge, or even champagne, and the lights were on, and no cigarette shortage. Well, this one was a pain in the neck right from the start, because nobody had any chow, and most of the fighting has been around fringes of the world, where white men couldn't live even in peacetime.

Then, too, the minute you left the U.S., the enemy began to throw things at you. I was in London on leave the first night the buzz bombs came over. I got up and shut the window so they couldn't come in: I don't know why, it seemed the thing to do. I went out in Regent's Park in my pajamas, while the house fell down behind me. Anywhere near the front lines it was worse.

They gave us quite a shoving around, too, in Tunisia. The Afrika Korps were the last Germans I saw that bore any resemblance to those we fought the last time. After we got into Normandy we ran into Georgians and Russian renegades, and Abyssinians and East Indians and SS and Gestapo and all the wild beasts in men's clothing the world has got. We shoved

them around, too, quite some, especially between Rouen and Amiens. I went through a paratrooper attack there by playing dead and letting the krauts run up and down on me for hours. It got monotonous as hell after a time, especially as I was face down.

I helped liberate Paris, too, not that I meant to, but I heard on the radio that Paris was free again, and listened to the singing in the streets and what was supposed to be interviews with American soldiers, so another lad and I went to Paris, having missed the Armistice in the last war. It was still full of Germans, and no allied troops showed up for a week, during which time my pal had to take refuge with the French Partisans.

And so came the V-E day, and I was sent to a Separation Center to get out. I had all the points from this war, to say nothing of what I had left over from the last one. The Center was in the same camp where I had been mobilized four-and-a-half years before. There had been a lot of changes since then, principally a beautiful officers' club and hostess house combined, with a snack bar, and a beer bar, and more than the comforts of most homes. The personnel to work this place—

janitors, waiters, cooks, and so on—were German prisoners of war, account of the manpower shortage in these uncertain days. To keep said prisoners of war in order, the officers at the camp wore sidearms all the time, even at meals. The transient officers of course went weaponless.

It took about two days to process an officer, and the morning of the second day I was finished, except to sign out and get the bus for the station. So another officer of the last war and I lined up at the snack bar for a cup of coffee and to match lies.

"I would like to get drunk," said he, "because I was three years in the last war, and four years in this one, and never got out of the country."

"Question of luck," I said, ladling sugar into my java.

With that I noticed one of the prisoners who had been out in the dining room come strutting through the snack bar as though he owned the place, and with his cap on. It was a German military cap, the Afrika Korps; I knew, I had seen those caps before. Huh. The poor American officer takes off his headgear when he comes in that club, but a kraut can go around with his on, and no one say him nay. I started

to say him nay, and say him a few more things, too, but I thought what the hell, I'll be out of the Army in an hour and so let's forget it.

With that the Afrika Korps makes a dive into the kitchen by the far door, lets out a warhoop, throws down a shelf full of dishes to give himself courage, and comes out the door opposite me with a cleaver. He meant it, too, lady: I know how they look when they have blood in their eye.

Well, thinks I, this will make a good headline "Veteran of Two Wars Killed by German Within Few Miles of Home." And in the last hour of thirty-one years of military service. It didn't scare me; you never get scared in those moments, lady; it's afterwards.

The officer with me stuck out his foot, or the kraut slipped—I don't know which. Anyway, he fell down and the cleaver flew out of his hands, and some more krauts piled in from the kitchen and bopped him over the head with a potato masher, and he was dragged out and locked up to howl in the ice box until the M.P.s could come after him.

The other officer and I went to the toilet, I ain't kiddin'.

All was quiet; there was nobody in the

Illustrated by ROBERT FINK

club at that hour of the morning but us two and a couple of women clerks at the desk. And, of course, eighteen kraut prisoners. They could have made hamburgers out of us all. But nobody showed any interest, except the interpreter, who asked us if we wanted to prefer charges.

"Not me," said the other officer, "because it made it a real war for me. After seven years of military service in the post exchange, I nearly got killed by a German after all."

"Nor me either," said I. "But what was that bunny's idea, anyway?"

"He was nuts," replied the interpreter. "They're all nuts, all them dopes, but the Afrika Korps is more nuts than any. He said he was goin' to Valhalla, or wherever them screwballs think they go when they die, and he wanted to take that officer that was all spit up with medals along with him for an entrance ticket. Meaning, of course, sir, you, which I never seen so many ribbons and ropes in my life."

So, lady, as soon as I got home, and could get out of that blouse that was all ribbons and ropes, and could get into something less excitable, I done so.

The two officers were having their coffee when the kraut with the cleaver came through the door



A New Pied Piper for Hamelin

By Francis Chase, Jr.

A Tribute to the Fighting Engineers

WHEN WE had broken through the Teutoberger Wald and gained the flat net of roadways leading to the Weser, Colonel Jack O'Farrow, of Athens, Ga., C. O. of the Third Battalion, 66th Armored Regiment of the 2d Armored Division, pulled his jeep up beside ours and waved us to the side.

At the time, I was riding with Lieut. Fred Smith, of Tupelo, Miss., leader of the platoon assigned the Third Battalion by the 17th Armored Engineers.

"We're going to hit the road now," O'Farrow said; heavy enemy action at the passes over the hilly range had halted us for two days, "straight as a homing pigeon to Hameln. There are three bridges there, one rail and two highway—and there's just an outside chance we may be able to grab one intact."

Hameln-on-Weser is really the Browning-immortalized Hamelin town, and when you looked at O'Farrow—his tall figure, his whimsical blue eyes—you thought of the Pied Piper. Obviously the Piper had left at least two rats, a male and a female, on that previous purge because the burg was lousy with rats again—all of the elements of cut-up and beaten down nazi divisions had streamed back into Hameln, seeking the safety of the Weser's far shore, and our chances of taking a bridge intact weren't promising.

"I want you to put two or three Engineers in a jeep up with recon," Col. O'Farrow continued, "so when we get there—if the bridges aren't blown—they can hop right on the job of getting their demolition charges out and the wires cut."

That was about five o'clock in the afternoon. We were some fifty kilometers from Hameln when we started. It was a rat race in. I was riding in the jeep with three Engineers under Dale Carlisle, a squad sergeant, behind the armored car recon section. Recon fans out in front of the column, looking for trouble, sounding out enemy strength. Armored cars are swell for the job, jeeps aren't too good. In our jeep, also, is Lieut. Thomas Becker, of recon. We roll along thirty to forty miles an hour and on the road in front of us are fresh half-tracks of retreating Jerry vehicles. We are breathing hard on their necks. And Jerries afoot stream out of the woods on either side of the road, waving white flags, hands high in the air. We have no time for them. They make their way back down the road as best they can.

It was midnight when we started rolling down the steep hills into the Weser valley. It was a black night, and behind us—coiling down the winding dirt road like a huge serpent—is the dark shadow of the nazi column, (Continued on page 32)

Drawing by John Scott



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Airborne to Victory



"SEIZE AND HOLD!"

That is the Airborne byword and that is what members of America's new streamlined striking force have been doing from the first display of prowess in North Africa in 1942 to the recent assaults in the Pacific and across the Rhine.

The Airborne Division, trained in this country under Army Ground Forces, travels light and lands, usually in enemy territory, looking for a fight. Its airborne combat missions are invariably assignments deemed impractical for any other ground troops; it is designed to be entirely self-sustaining for several days and ordinarily its mission is to secure and defend an object, pending a speedy link-up with other ground forces.

An Airborne Division approximates 8,500 officers and enlisted men, a little over half the size of the standard infantry division. Its weapons and transportation are necessarily limited to those dropped by parachute or brought in by glider.

Principal artillery weapon is the 75-mm. pack howitzer which can be disassembled and dropped in nine parachute aerial delivery containers, or landed intact by glider.

Main aircraft weapon is the .50 caliber machine

gun, chief antitank weapons or the rocket launcher and the 37-mm. antitank gun. For weapons the Airborne Infantry has the M1 rifle, carbine, light machine gun, infantry mortars and .45 caliber pistols.

The Division comprises one parachute infantry regiment and two regiments of glider infantry, and division artillery consists of one parachute and two glider battalions. In addition there is an engineer battalion and antiaircraft battalion, signal company, medical company, quartermaster company, ordnance company and military police platoon.

Fighting as infantrymen, airborne soldiers have participated in some of the fiercest ground engagements of the war. For example, at Bastogne it was airborne troopers who engaged the Germans in a bitter duel and helped break the bulge only after a spectacular stand in the role of doughboys.

No supermen of the airlines, no "suicide soldiers" either aloft or on the ground, the airborne fighter wants to be known for what he is—a ground forces fighter, using air travel as a means to an end. When he starts into action, this is the manner in which his Airborne Division takes the position of an ordinary ground unit.

(Continued on next page)



(Continued from preceding page)

First on the scene are C-47 transport planes carrying parachute "pathfinder" signal teams which do the job their name implies—clear the path for their buddies soon to follow. Next into one of several drop zones hurtle the parachute infantrymen, bearing small arms, with immediate mission to clear the area of opposition and secure the drop zone.

Close on the airborne doughboys' heels are field artillerymen and their equipment, dropped by 'chutes, and the immediate

(Continued on page 37)



In this theoretical sketch it is assumed an Airborne Division being employed in conjunction with the landing of an amphibious force. Drop zones 1 and 2—approximately 4 miles apart—would be sites of the landing of a Parachute regimental combat team at each zone. This team is comprised of the Parachute Infantry Regiment, one Parachute Field Artillery Battalion, a Parachute Engineer Company and a platoon of Medics. Glider landing zones adjacent to the drop zones could be used to bring in transportation, supplies and heavy equipment by glider to reinforce or aid the lighter equipped parachute elements. The amphibious operation (3) occurs shortly after the glider and parachute action. The entire Airborne operation would normally require approximately two hours. Division reserves can take cover in nearby woods or be employed for attack on the road or at the road junction.

RACKOW

Kamikaze!

By HAMILTON GREENE



They keep a couple of pots of coffee in the ward room between meals, and this afternoon a bunch of the guys are down there, drinking a lot of it, and making toast, and shooting the breeze. They're laughing at the assistant damage control officer who tells that one about his tomato in San Francisco with very expressive gestures. But all of a sudden, the loudspeaker opens up and the guys quit laughing. In fact their windpipes grab shut.

These fellows have all heard it before, not once but many times, yet the steady *bong-bong-bong* of that gong beating through the frantic notes of "Battle Stations" never fails to put a sickening knot in the gut. At a time like this, "General Quarters" can only mean that someone has detected some enemy aircraft, and in the minds of each of us that means "Kamikazes!"

You've probably heard a lot about these Jap suicide pilots and have thought, "They must be nuts," and so they are, but just the same we wish they wouldn't do what they do. If you want to understand why, let's follow one of these young officers who are now breaking for the ladders on the double. A good man to choose would be the Control Officer of the sky-aft director who is a normal guy, with much the same worries and hopes as most of us, and whose mind right now is racing as fast as his feet.

We find the passage crowded with men—get a glimpse of bulkhead doors swinging shut, levers squealing and bright wheels spinning. Up the steep ladder now, and we're on the hangar deck (that's the one just under the flight deck). Duck low under the tail of that parked F4U and we'll catch the sky-aft Control Officer as he makes for the captain's ladder. His practiced eye has swept the hangar deck and he's saying a silent prayer of thanks for the fact that this deck is fairly clear. Two hours ago it had been jammed with roaring SB2C's and TBF's fully



What You Do When a Jap Suicide Plane Comes At Your Ship

loaded with bombs, bullets, rockets and gas, but the bomber strike has long since taken off to launch its fury at certain targets on Honshu, and with their going one fearsome hazard has been removed. You would know the reason for that prayer if, like sky-aft Control, you had seen the blazing *Franklin*.

We catch a brief glimpse of Repair One huddling quietly under white helmets, at the foot of the island ladder. They have their flash gear on and they are stuffing their pant legs inside their socks and we can see their eyes through the celluloid eye pieces, big with apprehension. We keep climbing.

On the flight deck the first sixteen of the fighter sweep is roaring off, the starting officer leaping and flailing, and by the time we reach the sky-aft director's outside ladder, the last Hellcat goes boiling down the planking. That other bunch of fighters parked astern will probably be airborne a little later on.

The sky-aft director is in the rear of the island superstructure, and it houses the men who establish the bearing, range and altitude of targets for the five-inch batteries aft. Scrambling up the inside ladder, we find the place almost full, the softly swearing men squeezing in behind their instruments. But the Control Officer has already reached his phones and has called to get the Word. He gets it. A group of "Bogeys" has been picked up some distance dead ahead. Contact is spotty and visibility stinks. The destroyer screen is drawing in, and we will stand by.

By the time all the batteries have roared in, the jumping has left the Control Officer's throat, and his voice is as steady as he can make it as he calls Air Defense Forward, reporting, "Sky-aft. Manned and ready."

Now let's go upstairs and brief the situation some 3,500 feet above the water. At this altitude the cumulus is scattered and ragged and just inside the broken cloud base a little yellow flat-faced monkey in a radial engined Judy is thundering through the thick white turbulence with practiced ease. Only on occasion can this solitary pilot glimpse patches of sparkling sea below him, but he wants it to be like that.

He knows there is little chance of the Yankee fighters finding him in this soup and moreover, if things have gone according to the well laid plan, Flat Face knows that by now the squadron of Bettys from his own air group are giving those Yankee fighters a fit. They would be horsing around in the clouds some 35 miles away, playing now-you-see-me, now-you-don't, refusing to close in or show fight, and in general, giving the F6F's the merry run-around. Their job is to put on a diversion, which will allow Flat Face to slide undetected inside the protective destroyer screen of our fast Carrier Task Group.

Flat Face has already sighted the vast spread of churning ships, has already selected his particular target, which will be

us. What he wants to do, of course, is blow our carrier higher than his country's Fujiyama.

His plan of attack is all figured out. He will break cover at about five miles astern of us, skimming in under the cloud base to a point perhaps within a mile. He will have to chance the early five-inch bursts, but he will dodge and twist until he gets inside the minimum five-inch range. Peeling off at 3,000, he will dive on our axis from dead astern at about 45 degrees. The whole thing will take him less than a minute.

The snarling Judy which Flat Face pilots is a two-seater dive bomber, but on this run it carries only one 500-lb. bomb. He plans to unload this baby as he roars in over our fantail, then one swift punch on the stick will point the Judy's nose straight down into the number one elevator, forward on the flight deck. There is no gunner riding behind Flat Face, but the rear cockpit isn't empty. It is loaded to the cowlings with incendiary and high explosive. If his aim is right, the Judy will crash through the elevator floor top-side, right on down into the hangar deck, where, with enormous destructive potentiality, she will blow like ten thousand volcanoes. Now we know why the Judy carries no gas for a return trip—it's a one-way journey.

This Flat Face is no ordinary dive bomber pilot. He may be crazier than a bedbug, but he knows what he's doing. He is the typical fanatic that you have been hearing so much about. He is a "Kamikaze."

The group of self-committed suicide pilots which is the (Continued on page 37)

Illustrated by the Author Aboard an Essex Class Carrier in the Pacific



Today, two-thirds of the world's merchant fleet flies the flag of the United States. In the interest of national defense and therefore of world peace we've evolved a carefully-thought-out plan for post-war disposal of the tonnage we cannot use

Back to Maritime Glory

By HENRY F. PRINGLE

WHEN WAR broke out in Europe again, the world's ocean-going merchant fleets totaled between 70 and 80 million dead-weight tons. Great Britain controlled over a third of this—more than 25 million tons. The second largest merchant fleet—about 10 million tons—belonged to the United States. But most of this was engaged in coastwise commerce or on the Great Lakes. In foreign trade the United States stood not second but fourth in tonnage. And the American fleet was only fifth in speed and eighth in number of new, first-class ocean-going vessels.

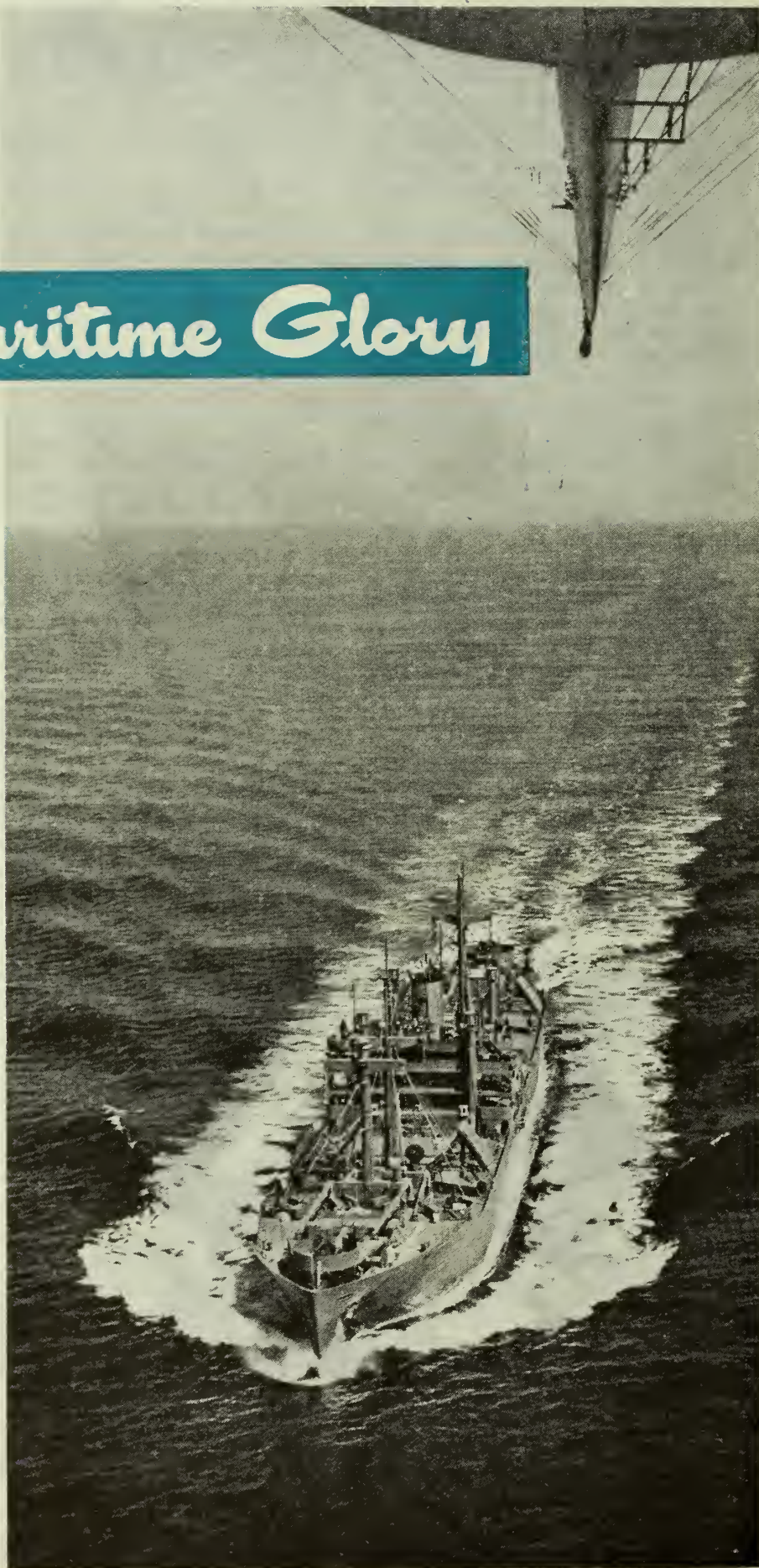
Three years before, in 1936, Congress had become aware of the dangerous weakness of our merchant marine. Over 80 percent of the ships dated from the ship-building program of the last war, that is, from 1922 or before, and were approaching obsolescence. Nearly three-fourths of our dry-cargo foreign trade was carried by ships of other nations. With Hitler's troops back in the Rhineland and German rearmament well under way, it was clear that within a few years the United States might once again, as in 1914, find its foreign commerce disrupted, might once again face a desperate national emergency with almost no ships. Congress acted in time—just in time.

The Merchant Marine Act of June, 1936, declared it to be the national policy of the United States "to foster the development and encourage the maintenance" of a merchant marine. The act specified:

1. That the merchant marine should be large enough to carry the water-borne domestic commerce and a "substantial portion" of the foreign commerce of the United States.

2. That it must be able to serve as a naval and military auxiliary in time of crisis.

(Continued on page 44)



Selling Cars: There's a Field

By William E. Holler



Straight-from-the-Shoulder Bill Holler, General Sales Manager of Chevrolet, explains to the youngsters what they've got to have to get out and sell successfully

"WHAT ARE the opportunities for salesmen in the automobile business after the war?"

"What are the requisites for success in this field?"

More and more every day, in my travels around the country, these two questions are being put to me by the sober and serious young men returning from the armed forces to civilian life.

My answer to the first question is—the opportunity is the greatest of all time.

To the second question I reply—the advanced principles of Modern Scientific Selling.

Fully mindful that the first duty of every American is to concentrate on bringing the enemies of freedom to complete and final subjugation at the earliest possible moment, nevertheless business and industry recognizes that it is its responsibility—just as much as it is the responsibility of religion, education and statesmanship—to look ahead and plan ahead for a better life in the better world that is to come.

In the Chevrolet organization we have been doing exactly that for many months. We have revamped and revised our think-

ing and our facilities to meet changing conditions.

As a result of all this planning—analysis, research, shaping of sales policies and organizing personnel—I am thoroughly convinced that salesmanship, as a profession, elevated to a higher plane than we have ever known, will have a more important part in our progress forward during the post-war period than it has ever had before.

I have said repeatedly in the past, and I repeat it now, with double emphasis: "More sales make more jobs; more jobs make more purchasing power; more purchasing power makes wider markets; wider markets make larger production; larger production makes greater general prosperity; and greater general prosperity makes a happier, more contented people, if we only have the wisdom to use and not abuse prosperity in the days to come."

Surely there can be no question that the opportunity for automobile salesmen is unprecedented.

Americans always have owned and driven more cars and trucks than any other nationality on earth. And our interest in motor vehicles has been heightened by the

amazing developments and advancements in motorized equipment used so successfully in waging the war.

And it is true that people have almost unlimited buying power—far more than a hundred billion dollars in cash and savings, plus additional billions in new credit.

Also, for many years there have been drastic shortages of consumer goods of all kinds.

There is a tremendous pent-up demand for motor cars and trucks.

We're going to need salesmen again . . . and salesmanship—better salesmen and better salesmanship.

Why?

Because in spite of the tremendous potential buying power of the country, it is a known fact that 50% of our people have no plans for spending in the postwar period . . . that 73% of the remaining 50% say they are going to "wait and see what happens." Furthermore, all statistics to date indicate that the major part of postwar buying will be based on postwar income rather than on savings accumulated during the war years.

(Continued on page 32)



The redoubtable Michael Lerner finally mastered this 466-pound swordfish, but only after a tough fight

Nimrod's Children

By WILLIAM J. SCHALDACH

THE LOVE of the chase is one of the most earthy and commendable instincts of the human race. Grounded in necessity, it stems back to ancient times when the twang of the bowstring meant meat for the family; or, when the luckless archer missed, the basis for a peach of an alibi. Sporting blood must be a deep-seated characteristic of the race. It has long been my private opinion that animal husbandry is of comparatively recent origin because it's a hell of a lot more fun to hunt than to shovel manure.

Holding second place only to actual adventures in the field and on the waters, the fascinating occupation of spinning yarns about shooting and fishing consumes more man-hours than some good souls consider proper. Yet I notice that the Judge never fails to extract a decided quiver of interest from gentle old Aunt Sophie when he tells that one about how he slew the charging

lion over in Kenya Colony with a single well-directed shot—just in the nick of time, mind you! Which makes you wonder whether the whole question of the relation between sophistication and sporting blood hadn't better be reopened—if, indeed, it ever was a question. Here's one which would seem to prove that the spirit of old Nimrod lurks in such incongruous places

As of mid-July, ammunition available for hunting, said the War Production Board, was at 25 percent of the amount normally consumed in the years before Pearl Harbor. The WPB "hoped" that later in the year the percentage might climb to 50

as the brick and stone canyons of great cities.

Walking along 53d Street in New York City, I noticed a considerable group of people gathered in a wide ring near the curb. They were gazing with silent concentration at the street. No one spoke or moved. Edging up to the circle, I saw a primitive drama. An alley cat—the common city variety of "roof rabbit"—was stalking a pigeon. With belly to earth and muscles drawn taut over its scrawny frame the feline was a jungle beast, cautiously preparing for the kill and utterly oblivious to its surroundings. The pigeon pecked contentedly at a crust of bread, seemingly unaware of its peril. Now anyone in the crowd could have stopped the show, had they so chosen. But no one did. Stealthily, the cat closed the space to a few feet, crouched tensely for an instant and sprang.

At the same moment the pigeon "broke cover" as neatly as a wild game bird and cleared the cat's paw by a safe margin.

A chorus of cheers broke the silence as the pigeon flapped off toward Park Avenue and the cat slunk dejectedly into a doorway. No one wanted to see the bird caught, of course, but the sporting spirit was too strong to break up the party.

Potentially, anyone can become a hunter or fisherman if given the opportunity. Some of the most enthusiastic sportsmen I know took up the game late in life. A few were reared in the artificial atmosphere of the city and knew practically nothing about the out-of-doors. Others had limited opportunities but vast enthusiasm. In this latter connection I like to think of Henry.

He is a PFC somewhere in the South Pacific. For three years we have corresponded, and though I have never met Henry I hope to some day. I think he could teach me a lot.

In his first letter he asked for some advice about a shotgun which he hoped to purchase after the war, but he was more particularly concerned about a fly rod which was being built to his specifications by a well-known rod-maker in the East. He sent me the dimensions and weight and asked if I thought it would be suitable for dry-fly work on trout. And would it, perhaps, serve for grilse and small salmon on Canadian streams? Also, as near as I could tell, what would be the proper size reel and—most important—the correct diameter of line? And would it be advisable to get a torpedo, or just a regular double taper line?

After a careful consideration of all the factors involved I answered as well as I could. More letters followed, in which there were other technical questions: fly patterns, the diameter of tapered leaders, landing net rigs. Realizing that there is nothing more important to a sportsman than his equipment, I knew that the let-

ters should cover all the points about which the writer inquired. But it went a little further than that; here was a kid, a GI stationed in a difficult and dangerous theater of war, who had the courage and enthusiasm to live in dreams from day to day and to ignore the grim present. What a swell time he will have, I thought, when he gets back to his trout streams and salmon rivers and can use all of that fancy tackle he is going to buy. But Henry and I hadn't been thinking of the same thing at all.

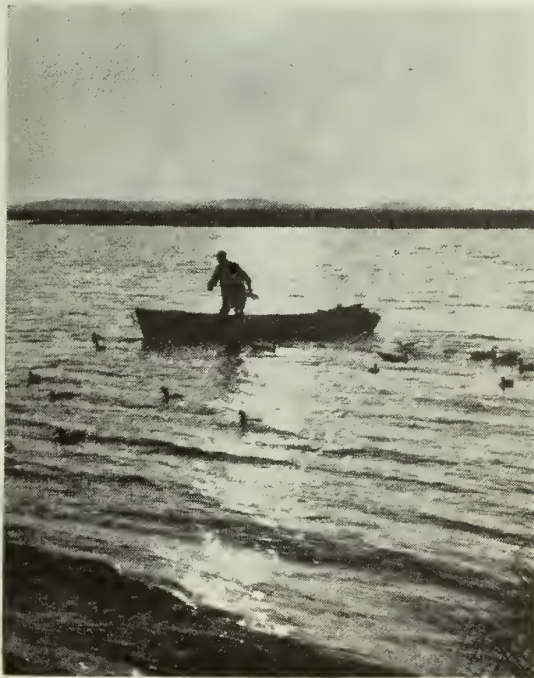
Months went by, then one day I got a letter bearing a San Francisco APO. It was simply brimming with enthusiasm. The kid had been ordering his tackle right along

and, miraculously, it had all arrived. He had obtained a day's leave, tried out the new treasures and they worked fine. He caught small pompanos and some fish that looked liked mackerel in the tide rips. And on trout flies! The tackle was perfect in every detail. He ended his letter by telling me that he is a native of Hawaii, has never seen a trout or salmon stream, but has read a lot about them. When the war is over he plans to head for the North Country and really go to town. And I'll just bet he will. With a spirit like that he simply can't miss!

The military life is a natural introduction to sport in peacetime. Many of the men in service were sportsmen in civil life, and their familiarity with firearms makes the path to soldiering easier. But countless others never had a gun in their hands. To many of these the ability to shoot which they have acquired will be translated into a desire to get out into the field and the woods when peace comes. It was so in the last war and it will be even truer in this one. If a fellow has the slightest trace of sporting blood in him, the rifle range will bring it out. And the transition from military weapons to sporting arms—or vice versa—is merely a matter of detail.

During World War One I was a rifle coach in the U. S. Naval Reserve and for a time I was stationed at a range in Maryland. We had a variety of outfits to teach, among them a company of engineers. A number of the men were long-geared Texans who had never seen a bolt action rifle before. But they were almighty good with the lever action rifle which is as truly a tradition of the West as rattlesnakes and mesas. All they wanted to know about the Springfield was how to load her and what you were supposed to do with the sling. After a couple of sighting shots they settled down to serious work, soon chopping the bullseye to pieces. They were natural riflemen.

(Continued on page 41)



Out go the decoys. Soon the hunters will be blazing away at the ducks

Perch and large mouth bass get the play at Lake Mattamuskeet, N. C.



Burma's Turned Tide

By **FRANK MILES**

American Legion War Correspondent

New Delhi, India

NEWLY ARRIVED from the European Theater of Operations, my first observation was that the greatest enemy of Americans and Europeans here in Southeast Asia is not the Japs, but the climate. It's difficult enough for a man from the temperate zone to keep healthy in India and Burma, without taking into account what he'll be up against when he engages the Jap.

The tide has turned against the Niponese here on the Asiatic Continent, as in the Philippines and on the sea approaches to the Jap home islands. Though heavy fighting lies ahead of the men of the Southeast Asia Command under Lord Louis Mountbatten, progress is now encouraging.

India and Burma are full of cholera, smallpox, dysentery and malaria.

Chances are many to one that the American who does not take every possible precaution will contract one of these dread diseases. The new arrival here is immediately warned to be sure he has had a recent smallpox vaccination, he is directed to get a booster shot for cholera unless he has had one recently, he is advised to eat only in army messes or "in bounds" civilian restaurants and in the latter only hot, cooked foods—never fresh fruits, salads and ice creams.

He should take one atabrine tablet a day during his stay in this theater, and for a month after returning to America. He is told to avoid excessive physical exertion during the day's heat and not to expose his head to the sun. He should drink only army-approved water—and no ice-cold water after exercise, or alcoholic spirits before sundown. He should always use a mosquito net over his bed or bunk when sleeping, roll his sleeves down and use mosquito repellent on his body after sunset.

There are places in the United States where it's extremely hot at some seasons, but nowhere at home is the heat ever so sapping as it is in most sectors of India and Burma. Here at New Delhi one day last June shortly after my arrival the mercury was 157 degrees above zero at the



We've made up for the "helluva beating" Joe Stilwell's men had to take in 1942 from the Japs in Burma, and are on the upbeat to victory

airport. It often hits 140 in the open and 120 or more in the shade—and with the heat is humidity that fairly stews the body of a man unused to it.

Add to the heat the countless hazards of the jungle and you have something of the normal conditions under which our men have to serve. Add to that the wiles and deadly combat ability of Japanese soldiers long been trained to fight here.

When on last January 27th the junction of the Ledo and Burma Roads was effected at Mong Yu the "helluva beating" Vinegar Joe Stilwell said he and his men had taken at the hands of the Japs in May, 1942, when they were forced to retreat from Burma was in part wiped out. Stilwell said we'd be coming back, and that promise was kept to the letter. The story of the comeback is a many-sided one, and space does

not allow of its telling here.

But among those who had a prominent part in it were Maj. Gen. Frank D. Merrill and his famous Marauders, fighting 700 miles into Assam and Burma, and the courageous pilots who flew over the Hump of the Himalayas to provide China with the matériel of war, while other American and British experts trained the Chinese armies and won their reward when the Japs were finally forced into retreat. While the allied forces were building up to a point where they would achieve mastery, Jap harbors and shipping, their locomotives, rolling stock, and river steamers and sampans all were being blasted by the Southeast Asia Command's airmen. The 490th Squadron of the 10th U. S. Air Force won the name of "Burma Bridge Busters" when they destroyed 150 bridges in the area. With other elements of the American Air Force, as well as the R.A.F., the Royal Canadian and the Royal Indian Air Forces they gave the Japs a bad beating in the air.

The Jap forces on the Asiatic mainland are taking a beating of steadily mounting proportions, as are their homefolks. It is a beating that can have but a single ending—complete surrender.

General Merrill of the famous Marauders, snapped in North Burma with two of his officers, the Higgins twins, identical in looks and in rank

Bob Wilson had a lot of problems as first Commander of Reynolds Post, but willing hands inside the Post and out helped solve all of them

Sooner Campus Legion

By Elaine Larecy

The World War Two Legion Post at the University of Oklahoma is firmly established as a vital part of the campus life. And it's growing



FROM HOSPITAL BEDS in New Guinea, from rest camps in the China-Burma-India theater, from the deep recesses of the Aleutians, from bloody battle grounds in North Africa, Sicily, Italy, France, Germany and the islands of the South Pacific, from the stratosphere over Japan, from the recently liberated Philippines—from every fighting front in the world it's a long way to the peaceful campus of the University of Oklahoma in Norman.

But to that campus every day are coming veterans to resume their education where it was interrupted by the war's call. And at O. U. they find an organization in there pitching for them, designed to help them solve their problems and make their readjustments—the Thomas C. Reynolds Post of The American Legion, first Legion post of World War II veterans to be established on an American college campus.

Run by and for the student veterans of World War II at O. U., the Post is an efficiently-working group of young men who are rapidly making their mark on affairs at the university. Co-operating closely with the university, receiving advice and inspiration from university officials and members of the downtown Norman Pledger Allen Post, the boys have set up a program which involves four main points—adjustment needs, housing needs, educational needs and financial needs.

The oft-asked question, "Will the returning serviceman be able to readjust to civilian life?" has turned out to be a largely imaginary bugaboo so far as this group is concerned. Eased back into civilian life through the Legion organization and its activities, veterans at O. U. have experienced little difficulty along this line and have become a vital part of campus life.

As Jim Walker, Commander of the Post, says with a grin, "Find a boy a pretty girl to go with, and half his troubles are over!" O. U. girls are pretty—a luscious blend of the magnolia-and-moonlight Old South belle and the outdoor-loving, sun-tanned Western gal—and the fact that the ex-servicemen have to compete for their time and attention with a large group of Navy men in training on the campus only adds to the fun, Walker has decided. To help with the social readjustment of veterans, the Thomas C. Reynolds Post holds frequent dances, picnics and a variety of other get-togethers.

The housing situation in Norman is complicated by the presence of two large naval bases nearby, and apartments and small houses have been at a premium for several years. Married veterans returning to school and desiring to bring their wives with them have run into the tough problem of simply not being able to find living quarters. When this situation got bad enough, the Legion

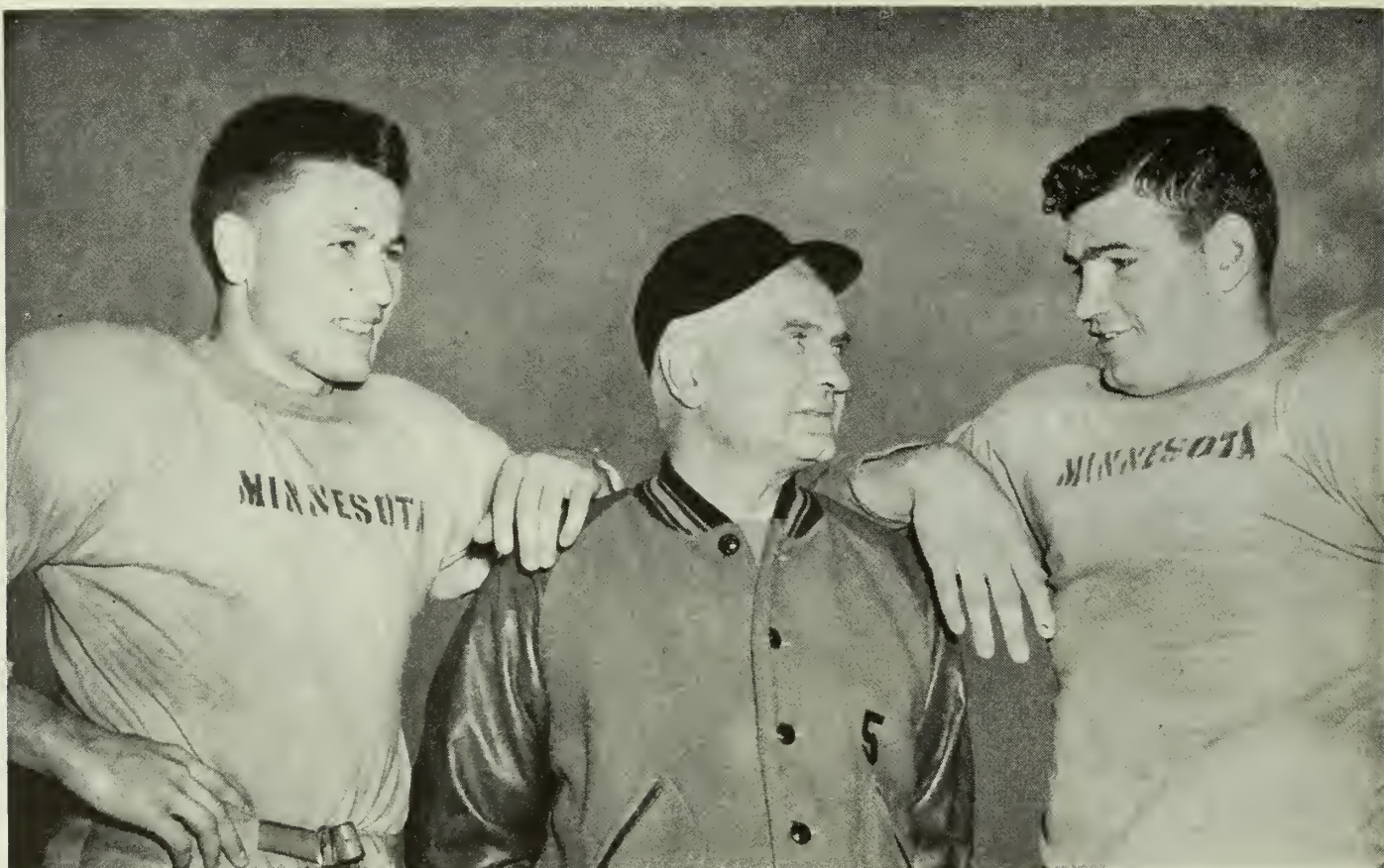
Post began to do some fast talking with university officials.

Partially as a result of this, bids on a \$275,000 bond issue opened late in June for construction of 96 low-rental living units solely for married veterans, to be put up by the university and paid for over a period of years. Designed by a staff of O. U. architects, the housing project is to consist of 15-row houses, each containing six or eight living units. Each unit will make use of every space-saving trick known to modern architecture, will have the last word in furnishings, and will be a joy to any young bride. Rents will be well within the reach of the veteran.

This housing project has the whole-hearted approval of Reynolds Post. As a matter of fact university officials freely admit that it might never have come about "if those kids hadn't got up on their hind legs and howled."

The Legion Post has another function seeing that the veterans' medical needs are cared for competently. Facilities for taking care of men who need medical attention consist of the University Infirmary, the veterans' ward in the University Hospital in Oklahoma City 20 miles away, the Navy Hospital south of Norman for ex-sailors, and the big veterans hospital at Muskogee, state headquarters of the Veterans Ad-

(Continued on page 34)



Bill Daley, left, backfield star, and Urban Odson, tackle luminary, with their coach shortly before he joined the Marine Corps for his second wartime hitch.

More and Better Football

By **BERNIE BIERMAN**, University of Minnesota Football Coach

As told to Otis J. Dypwick

NO MATTER how rugged the individuals in a strictly he-man group, there's always one who would be the last selected in "choosing up sides" for any contest involving brawn.

I recall a lad of this type at the Navy's Iowa pre-flight training school where I was stationed after being called back to active duty in the Marine Corps in 1941.

Some of us frankly wondered how this abbreviated specimen could ever negotiate some of the higher and wider obstacles on the course used in testing and conditioning pre-flight cadets.

We soon had our answer. Our little man neatly scaled a 10-foot wall with the agility and grace of a fox taking a rail fence. He seemed to particularly enjoy looking back at the sight of a lot of muscular big hulks struggling to "get over the hump." His time record hadn't been equaled when I left Iowa City for a new assignment.

I was impressed at Iowa City by the degree of perfection achieved during the current war in designing and evaluating a course on which any man's degree of phy-

sical fitness can be precisely ascertained. It's far removed from the crude endurance courses of a few years ago.

Of particular interest to me now that I am back in civilian life and again in the coaching business are the possible adaptations of the new obstacle course in post-war physical education and competitive athletics.

Suppose that ordinary-looking little ball-of-fire at Iowa City was one of perhaps 150 men turning out for spring football at Minnesota in a normal peace-time year. He'd probably go unnoticed for a long time while we concentrated on men more strik-

ing physically. He might get discouraged and drop out. We'd be missing a good bet.

Now, if we had an obstacle course, perhaps not as elaborate as the layout at Iowa City, but involving all the tests of speed, agility, deftness, manipulative skill, and physical reactions, we could tell in a few minutes just about what chances any one candidate had of succeeding as a varsity player. We could save boys with no future in the sport a lot of time and energy by dropping them right away. I believe our appraisals would be about 99 percent accurate.

Furthermore, we could, by watching the individual and checking his elapsed time for the course, determine whether he was best fitted to play on the line or in the backfield. This process now takes us months and sometimes years, in certain cases. As long as our personal judgment is our only guide, we are apt to make errors. A test such as the course at Iowa City is virtually fool-proof.

Does all this sound a bit far-fetched to
(Continued on page 49)

Bernie's back at the helm for the Gophers, and the Big Ten coaches figure his team will be the one to beat for the championship this fall—as usual. He sees the offensive Going to Town everywhere this fall



PETE IS BACK FROM THE WAR

● He is one of many thousands of Republic men who have entered the service. Now he has earned his honorable discharge and is back working at Republic.

Pete has done his share overseas—and then some. But he's more interested in his job, his pay check and an opportunity to make good and get ahead than in brass bands and speeches.

Already more than 2,000 returned veterans, like Pete, are back on Republic's payrolls—producing steel for their buddies still on the fighting fronts—looking forward to new opportunities for advancement.

There are 21,000 Republic men who left to join the armed services. Republic is going to do everything in its power to place these men in jobs as good or better than the jobs they held before they went to war.

And it is men like these that will have much to do with shaping our peacetime America. Young men—eager to

work, to earn, to marry, to build homes, to be good citizens, to give their children more advantages and opportunities than they themselves enjoyed.

Our country today is the greatest production plant the world has ever seen. We have new machinery—new sciences—new manufacturing methods—new uses for steels—new markets—a dazzling array of new opportunities.

But, to realize these possibilities—to make America's promised future come true—we need more than the facilities, materials, knowledge and opportunity. We need millions of willing hands, inspired by the urge to *produce* more. Then *more* people can *earn* more, *more* people can *buy* more and there will be *more of everything for everyone*.

This is the way to bring higher standards of living, more jobs, better jobs, greater happiness and lifelong security. It is the *American* way to prosperity—for Pete and for every other loyal American who is willing to work.

Steel Sheets and Strip Contribute to Better Living

Of all metals, steel is most useful to man. Steel in flat sheets and strip is used more than in any other form.

Auto bodies, railroad cars, electrical appliances—thousands of every-day products are made of steel sheets and strip.

Sheets processed for porcelain enameling are made into stoves, washers, refrigerators. Steels with special electrical properties are used in radios and motors.

Tin cans are made from tin plate—thin steel sheets coated with tin. Sheets protected with galvanized (zinc) coating are formed into roofing, spouting, heating ducts. Stainless steel is made into utensils, sinks, food and medical equipment, streamlined trains—a few of thousands of uses.

Republic, a leading producer of steel sheets and strip, operates the world's widest continuous strip mill. New developments by Republic will contribute still further to better living.

REPUBLIC STEEL

GENERAL OFFICES: REPUBLIC BUILDING, CLEVELAND 1, OHIO
Export Department: Chrysler Building, New York 17, New York

ALLOY, CARBON, STAINLESS STEELS • COLD FINISHED STEELS
PLATES • BARS • SHAPES • STRIP • SHEETS • PIPE • TUBING • TIN
PLATE • NUTS • BOLTS • RIVETS • NAILS • PIG IRON •
FARM FENCE • WIRE • FABRICATED STEEL PRODUCTS

This is the button worn by men and women who have received honorable discharges from our armed forces. It stands for something more than words can express... for a debt which can never be fully repaid. Let's all remember this, always.



A NEW PIED PIPER FOR HAMELIN

(Continued from page 16)

tanks, half-tracks, trucks, jeeps. There is no sound in the still evening except the clatter of their track on the highway, a steely, metallic clatter. As we come down on the road which follows the river bank, we can see Jerry vehicles across, headlights on; and once we saw a whole convoy, heading in the same direction we were traveling so that, for almost five miles, we were abreast, only the river intervening. We held our fire; we weren't looking for a fight. We wanted only to reach Hameln before the bridges were blown. They weren't looking for trouble either, it seemed, for they held their fire, too.

We began to run into the outskirts of Hameln, into a few scattered houses. Then we ran into a roadblock. Sgt. Carlisle and his men scouted it, found that it was not defended. It was a log block, and we waited for the head of the column to come up. When the rest of the Engineer platoon arrived and started preparing the block for demolition, we ran the recon vehicles around it, slowly, searching the ground in the dark for mines as we left the road.

And then we heard voices behind a second block, less than twenty-five yards distant. Jerry voices. A mixed patrol of Engineers and recon men went up to it, came back a few minutes later with two Jerry civilians. O'Farrow questioned them through an interpreter. They said that there were no Jerry soldiers on this side of the river, that at sunset the last company, with a self-propelled gun, had withdrawn over the bridge.

It was now close to three in the morning. Col. O'Farrow decided to send recon, with its Engineer complement, around the second road block and down the road as fast as it could travel in the blackout to where the bridges were.

We pull around the second block and back onto the road. Then we feel our way down it, following the black hulk of the armored car ahead.

And then our driver spots someone between two houses. He nudges Lt. Becker and Becker calls out in German, "Come here!" The figure walks leisurely, almost

too leisurely, toward our jeep. I can see something—it looks like a rifle—in his hands and I tell Becker. Becker starts to speak again when the dark figure raises the gun in the air, fires three shots, one after the other. Our machine-gunner cuts him down.

But too late. There is a blinding, frightening flash just to our left over the river,



"And so is your button unbuttoned, Sir!"

an ear-deafening explosion. And in the glare we see the center span—in a hundred different pieces—flying through the air; the end spans settling down into the dark river. A minute later, two other flashes up ahead, two more explosions, almost as one, tell us that the three bridges are gone.

We decide to get the hell out of town. As we start down the road, we hear the sound of the demolition behind us—almost inaudible after the terrific explosions which preceded it—as the Engineer platoon took out the roadblock. The main column is coming, a heartening piece of knowledge. We meet them in Hameln at daybreak.

No sleep for the Engineers until the treadway is across the Weser . . . The ruined bridge is all that holds the column up now. And it will not hold it up for long. Nobody builds bridges as fast as Armored Engineers. And Jerry—in buying time with the destruction of three of his bridges built at tremendous cost—made a poor bargain. He bought a pitifully small handful of time.

SELLING CARS: THERE'S A FIELD

(Continued from page 25)

Unless I am mistaken, here's what is likely to happen: we'll have a more or less "brief" period of changeover in many of our factories and cities which will tend to frighten millions of buyers and freeze much of our postwar purchasing power, followed by a buying flurry in some lines perhaps, and then a hurry-up call for salesmen—quality salesmen to get things going again on a volume basis.

Without quality salesmen and quality

selling it will be impossible to sell the volume of passenger cars and trucks that will be needed to provide jobs for millions of returning soldiers, jobs for the unemployed, and jobs for the manufacturers themselves.

These are just some of the reasons why there is a golden opportunity for salesmen in the automobile business after the war. There are many others. For instance, we're going to have a terrific amount of extra plant capacity and extra manpower avail-



THE STROLL
Model 2218
In the Military
Manner

Massagic Comfort-

WHAT A TREAT FOR WEARY FEET

Never was a truer statement made about footwear — because Massagic Shoes are unique in their ability to eliminate foot fatigue. The day-long foot freshness afforded by Massagics' resilient air cushion and flexible Arch Lift has been enjoyed by millions. See your Massagic Shoe dealer, or write us for his name.

WEYENBERG SHOE MFG. COMPANY
Milwaukee 1, Wisconsin



Weyenberg
MASSAGIC
Air Cushion Shoes

\$7.85 — Some Styles Higher

LOOK TO THE LEADER FOR PROGRESS

Young America is for . . .

Wilson

When one name marks vast quantities of the sports equipment that Young America is using—that's acceptance • And when the name on that equipment is "Wilson," you can accept it as the unfailing mark of what's newest and best in modern equipment for modern play. Wilson equipment is needed to serve our boys in training camps, rest areas, convalescent hospitals and rehabilitation centers, so there is little available for civilians these days. But when the war is over, you'll find plenty of new Wilson equipment. And you'll enjoy many innovations created by the Wilson staff during the war years • Wilson Sporting Goods Co., and Wilson Athletic Goods Mfg. Co., Inc., Chicago, New York and other leading cities.

CHAMPIONSHIP
Wilson
APP. U.S. L.T.A.
100% WOOL

SQUIRE

☆ IT'S WILSON TODAY

IN SPORTS EQUIPMENT

*"You're asking
for a Good Sock"*

WHEN YOU SAY

Westminster



*"You're asking
for a Good Sock"*

WHEN YOU SAY

Westminster



*"You're asking
for a Good Sock"*

WHEN YOU SAY

Westminster



Westminster

FAMOUS AMERICAN

★ SOCKS ★

able to turn out cars and trucks after the war. Salesmen are going to be needed to bring in the volume sales which must always precede volume production.

Granted that the opportunity is real and great, now let's think about how best to capitalize on it.

Modern Scientific Selling is moving swiftly along to new heights and measures of fulfillment in the post-war period. Selling will be more than ever a profession and the salesman more than ever a professional man.

Salesmen will train for their profession to an extent we have never before known.

We in America today have an entirely new respect for the value of scientific training. We have witnessed the transformation of ribbon clerks into Commandoes—school boys into fighter and bomber pilots—backwoods farm lads into heroes, leaders of our fighting men on land and sea and in the air.

And we know it was all due to training.

As we go into the post-war period our training schedules, facilities and methods are being vastly expanded and improved.

In the first place, our extended training schedule calls for greater care in the choosing of men to be trained. We consider this of uppermost importance because it is ap-

SOONER CAMPUS LEGION

(Continued from page 29)

ministration. Officers of Reynolds Post try to see to it that members go to one of these hospitals when they need medical care.

A majority of the Legion members are in the College of Business Administration and the College of Arts and Sciences, Walker says, adding that the university has gone out of its way to help veterans find the proper courses and get their schedules fixed up. These ex-GI's take their education seriously—they're anxious to learn, and work hard. Either they're already married or they want to be soon, and they're working towards a job, a home and a future with security in it.

Another main duty of the Legion Post, as Walker sees it, is to help the boys out when they get into financial difficulties. Sometimes the slowness of government checks to come through puts individuals on the spot. To help this situation the last Oklahoma legislature provided for a fund from which emergency payments are made to veterans who would otherwise be dead-broke for a month or two. The Legion helps men get assistance from this fund.

The whole thing started last year when the first few ex-servicemen to come to O.U. felt the need for some sort of organization. At first they didn't think particularly of an American Legion Post—their ideas weren't that definite. But after conferring with Fayette Copeland, O.U.'s counselor of men, and H. V. Thornton, Professor of Government and Mayor of Norman, both World War I veterans, they realized that the sort

parent to us that the automobile salesman of the future must of necessity be a man having a stability equaling that of any professional man in his community. This will conform with the pattern of our now widely acclaimed Quality Dealer Program, inaugurated in 1933.

Retail automobile selling in this country is entering upon a new and a better period than any of us have ever known. It offers the alert, intelligent and energetic young man of today opportunity far surpassing that in many other lines of business.

Here are some pertinent thoughts that young men will do well to keep in mind.

Salesmen have cleared the way for the adoption of every new idea—every new invention—every new product in America's history. What a tremendously rich field lies ahead for the salesman of the future!

Salesmanship has played a leading role in the phenomenal progress we as a nation have made in industry, transportation and communications. Think of the unprecedented opportunity salesmanship has in the years to come!

Salesmen have helped create millions of jobs for millions of workers year after year. They will do it again and on a larger scale than ever in the past!

of thing they had in mind fitted in perfectly with the Legion set-up.

Grateful that their instinctive need had such a logical answer, the boys then talked with Legion officials, applied for a charter, and were granted one last January 29. There were 19 charter members.

After electing Bob Wilson, veteran of the Alaskan campaign, as first Commander, choosing their other officers, and getting their organization set up, the boys started looking for a name for their Post. They decided to name it after the first O.U. alumnus known to be killed in this war, Ensign Thomas C. Reynolds, a Valliant, Oklahoma boy who crashed to his death near Pearl Harbor a week after the fateful Japanese attack of December 7, 1941.

When the Post was formally chartered, the boys sent for the parents of Ensign Reynolds, Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Reynolds, who came up from Valliant to be honored and to see their son's memory honored. They had lunch with a group of university officials, were interviewed over the radio, visited with professors who had taught their son, and walked slowly over the campus he had once known as his second home. They listened to a speaker tell the story of his life and death, received homage in his name, and added this occasion to their precious store of memories.

From the original 19 members, the Thomas C. Reynolds Post had grown by the end of the spring semester to a membership of 63, and is constantly growing

(Continued on page 37)



The Pipe of Rare Distinction

Men of discernment look for the MARXMAN name on the pipes they buy. This name spells mellowness, sweetness, fine and rare smoking qualities. It spells pipes designed by skilled craftsmen from selected, aged briar roots into distinctive shapes. Mass production methods are avoided and each pipe is individually cut, rubbed, and polished.

① The **MEL-O-BRIAR** . . . great favorite with thousands of pipe-wise men. Hand-made and sculptured by old-time craftsmen. Fashioned of thoroughly aged, carefully selected briar. Varied shapes in rich, umber tones. **\$3.50**

② The **SUPER-BRIAR** . . . a pipe of matchless beauty. Each piece of briar is selected for its perfection of grain pattern . . . the grain heightened to enamel-like smoothness and brilliance by careful rubbing and polishing. Available in your favorite shape. **\$5.00**

③ The **BENCH-MADE** . . . imported, seasoned briar carefully and skillfully carved by hand into a pipe of rare distinction. Typical of fine pipe craftsmanship by MARXMAN, this style offers men a grand adventure in sweet, cool smoking!

\$5.00 \$7.50 \$10.00
Regular Large Massive

LOOK FOR "MARXMAN" ON THE
NEXT PIPE YOU BUY

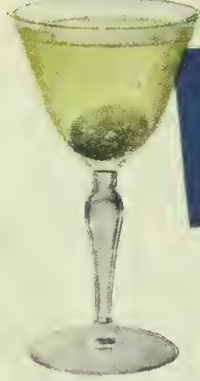


PIPES
SHOWN
ACTUAL
SIZE

»MARXMAN»

MARXMAN PIPES, 27 W. 24TH STREET
NEW YORK 10, N. Y.

AT FINE STORES
EVERYWHERE



News about Martinis you have waited 3 years to hear!

Gin of pre-war quality made from pre-war *imported* botanicals

1 Today Hiram Walker brings you gin made with the same imported herbs, roots and berries used in the making of Hiram Walker's pre-war gin.

2 And remember, between Repeal and Pearl Harbor Americans bought more Walker-made gin than any other kind.



Choicest coriander from Czechoslovakia... prize Valencia peel from Spain . . . cassia from China . . . these and all the other rare herbs, roots, and berries used in making Hiram Walker's Gin today come from a supply imported before the war.

Today, you can once again enjoy the pleasure of real, pre-war quality gin.

For Hiram Walker's Gin is made not only to pre-war formula . . . but from pre-war imported botanicals which are unobtainable today.

The reason we now have these rare botanicals, like cassia from China and coriander from Czechoslovakia, is this: Prior to the war it was our policy to purchase these botanicals in the best crop years and far in excess of our annual requirements. This enabled us always to have on hand a treasured reserve.

When we suspended gin distilling in favor of war production in February 1942, this priceless reserve was carefully preserved and sealed away.

Today, it's these pre-war, imported botanicals that give Hiram Walker's Gin its real, pre-war quality. The quality which, between Repeal and Pearl Harbor, led Americans to buy more Walker-made gin than any other kind.



HIRAM
WALKER'S
Distilled London Dry
GIN

90 proof. Distilled from 100% American grain. Copr. 1945

Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Ill.

CAMPUS LEGION

(Continued from page 34)

larger. The Post is very proud of its one feminine member, a former Army nurse now married to a veteran also at O.U.

Gov. Bob Kerr of Oklahoma is one of their staunchest friends. They are very grateful to his office for the help it has given them, mainly through the work of Milt Phillips, former Department Adjutant of Oklahoma for the Legion, who was brought back from his tour of World War II duty in the Mediterranean Theater to serve on the staff of Governor Kerr, also a Legionnaire, as liaison co-ordinator of work with veterans all over the State.

AIRBORNE TO VICTORY

(Continued from page 20)

task is to set up the 75mm. howitzer to organize either by battery or to employ the weapons individually. An Engineer company ordinarily parachutes in at this point for the vital demolition work.

Next in are the commanding general with his staff and headquarters company, and from here the gradual construction of a normal ground combat Division rapidly develops, with aircraft first bringing the remaining elements of the glider infantry, field artillery and engineers, and the anti-aircraft unit. Part of the latter is often dropped by 'chutes.

Airborne ordnance, signal, quartermaster, medical men, chaplains and military police complete the air-ground picture and the Division solidifies to harass the enemy, secure the objective and clear the way for joining forces with nearby friendly ground troops.

Final phase is the cleanup, using what airborne men call the "glider snatch." First to be snapped from the ground in gliders and towed to the rear are the wounded, next are the glider pilots who may be

President George Cross of the university, Mr. Copeland, Alumni Secretary Ted M. Baird, a veteran of both World Wars I and II, and others on the campus come in for praise from the Legion boys.

Valuable assistance has also come from state and local Legion groups. State Commander J. B. Koch, Norman, ardent Rainbow Division "fan" of World War I, is constantly on tap with timely suggestions and advice.

The recent establishment of a branch liaison office of the Veterans Administration in Norman has proved a great help to the boys, making it possible to get information and service without going clear to headquarters in Muskogee.

urgently needed for another mission, and finally any high-ranking prisoners who may be wanted in the rear echelon by intelligence officers.

The Airborne Division normally isn't assigned for long ground travel; it is usually employed one to ten miles from its objective. Nor is it designed for sustained duty, quick relief being the rule, although airborne outfits have been known to land and stay in the line for months.

Under Army Ground Forces, Camp Mackall, North Carolina, became the nerve-center of American airborne activities with its designation in March of 1944 as the Airborne Center. The Airborne Command, from which it evolved, had been formed in March, 1942, at Fort Bragg, North Carolina.

Gliders used today are the CG-4, carrying 15 men, including pilot and co-pilot; the CG-13, carrying 30 men and capable of carrying 40 if a row of center seats is added; and the CG-15, bearing 16 men. The CG-13, in place of 30 men, will carry a 1½-ton truck, six wheeled, or a 105-mm. howitzer.

KAMIKAZE!

(Continued from page 23)

Kamikaze Corps takes its name "Divine Winds" from the heaven-sent typhoon which wrecked a great Mongol armada that threatened Japan with invasion in the year 1590. The corps has been recruiting volunteers for maybe a year. Flat Face is a regular Corps member. He may have been sucked into membership by the idea of countless generations bobbing reverently before his shrine, just as he himself had knelt at the Yasukuni shrine in respect to the spirits of those original three Jap airmen, who had deliberately crashed themselves into enemy bombers.

What monkey business had transpired last night when his number was drawn for this mission, must remain pure guess work. We've heard of elaborate ceremonial

"burials," toasts of sake to the Kamikaze dead, investment in voluminous white robes, and what not. But for all we know,



"Don't ask silly questions.
Get me out of here!"



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You wouldn't know
Mother now that she
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YOU'LL BE GLAD to know that your dealer—right now—probably has fresh stocks of powerful "Eveready" "Mini-Max" batteries to fit your portable radio.

Although these famous batteries continue to power walkie-talkies, handy-talkies, and other vital equipment for our Armed Forces, some can now be made for civilians.

Ask for "Eveready" "Mini-Max" batteries by name. Remember—size for size they pack far more power than any other "B" battery you can buy!



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when morning came, Flat Face may have merely placed a small burial flag inside his tunic, returned the formal bows of respect from his fellow pilots, and come buzzing out to do this job with who knows what degree of enthusiasm.

In any case, Flat Face has had good luck in getting through, and by now he's just about ready to go to work. We'll take a look. We see him gently drop the Judy's nose, gradually letting the ragged blanket of white thin out. The panorama of toy ships spread below him is now thoroughly alerted, and their long curving wakes of foam boil the placid sea for miles. Every ship in the Task Group is firing like mad, still whacking away blind at the Bettys far to the north.

The horrid curtain of black bursts that suddenly rises to drape the Judy with drifting smoke does not shake his nerve. He goes in, weaving like a halfback, closing nosedown on his diving point. He judges correctly. Then with a swift skillful movement he brings the Judy up on one wing, tips her gently over and chops the throttle. Splitting the wind, he goes howling down through space.

But back on board ship, our Control Officer in the sky-aft director had begun to move the second he had heard that single 20mm. gun on the port side come alive

with urgent chatter. Some sharp-eyed apple in that gun crew had picked up the dodging Judy, and even though it was quite beyond his range, had used his tracers to finger out the snooper for the five-inch guns. The Control Officer gripping his slew sight hard, had swung around and up, following those thin red lines that streaked into the sun, dead astern. Then he'd seen the tiny silhouette coming in on a swinging course, and jabbing at the buzzer had shouted "Target!"



Now the real stuff happens. The quick appraisal—Control speaking swiftly to his mouthpiece, "Target angle zero—," a wild guess at the speed. Pointer slapping him sharply on the leg to signify he is on. Range finder squalling, "Got him!" The call to Plot, "Start tracking!" And then the fabulous mystery of mechanized skullduggery as the computer, far below decks, spins a wizard's web of figures, juggling a dozen factors, coming up in brief seconds with a fix on that moving dot in space.

The Control Officer's hand moves in a swift signal, and instantly the sky is torn with a half dozen five-inch guns, pouring on the coal.

But just let's suppose you are down below, say on the sixth deck, in the Damage Control room. What do you think you will be doing? Possibly you are staring at the more seductive of those pin-ups, but you won't be seeing any of them. Your ears will be straining to catch the topside reporter, announcing the action over the loudspeaker. The reporter's words go shrill when he gets excited and the guys call him "The Voice." But besides listening, you'll be thinking.

You will remember what has happened in other waters to other ships. You know only too well what a bomb can do if it hits among loaded aircraft. Belly tanks ex-

Where'll he GO...

Our cover design, by Jes W. Schlaikjer, shows the Army's M-10 Tank Destroyer, which spelled death to the highly advertised German panzers. Our Army has produced later models, heavier, with bigger guns, but none has won a warmer place in the hearts of the fighting infantrymen it supported. That is why this "old hero" was selected to illustrate the official War Department poster for American armor. Following publication, it will be reproduced and distributed throughout the Army.

Mr. Schlaikjer's painting symbolizing the Army's Medical Department was used as our January, 1943 cover. His Military Police painting was the basis for the August, 1942 cover.



plode like bombs. Wing guns set off by intense heat sweep the deck with fifties. And rockets! Holy Joe!

You know about gasoline fires, sprinklers loading the decks with a foot of water, the flaming gas riding on top. Trying to slosh the inferno overboard with a hard held starboard turn. You know what rampant "flash" can do if it probes a magazine. Ever hear of the *Liscombe Bay*? Let's think of something else.

No. Please God. No hit today, please. Try to think of how sharp our gun crews are—the total number of kills they've made on this cruise alone. Try to think how silly the crazy Japs are. But part of your mind is whispering that the Kamikaze guys don't always miss. Hell, no. What was it the Admiral had said, "These Kamikazes are growing hair on my head!"

And then "The Voice" squeals with excitement over the speaker, "He's coming down! He's in! He's diving on us!"

It may be pure fantasy, but let's get in on the finish of this thing by riding in on Judy's last dive.

The 40's are chewing the Judy apart and no one knows this better than Flat Face. Those tracers curving into him like red hot baseballs are only a fraction of the metal that tears down his flaps and riddles his wings. He'd known instinctively when part of his tail surface had gone but he never knew about that wheel that unfolded crazily to be blasted clean off, a split second later. He feels that stick jerk when part of his aileron goes, but he pins what's left of his eyesight on that heaving flight deck, expanding like a balloon before him, and he thinks wildly, "I can't miss! I can't miss!"

Half blind with blood, he can't see the water lashing high in a gray wall with wicked fragmentation. He can't see the

We had better have the answer to that question ready . . . BEFORE he returns

● WHEN the great day comes for him to get back into civvies, he will be rar'in' to go. And go he will — BUT WHERE? The answer to that question will determine the fate of America for a long time to come. We had better have the answer **READY**.

These boys who have been doing our fighting **KNOW** what they want out of the postwar world. They want to live their lives in the good old American way. They want the *right*...and a *chance*... to work and be successful in a busy and prosperous America.

It is up to us to make **SURE** that they get this chance... that this *right* is not cancelled by unemployment and empty pay envelopes.

BOWES has a plan . . .

a plan which will give many veterans the opportunity they seek. This plan is based on the simple theory that **SELLING** makes jobs . . . and jobs make prosperity.

We will give intensive sales training to a number of selected veterans . . . fighters capable of doing the selling necessary to keep postwar production . . . and jobs . . . at a high level.

Some will be placed in good jobs in our own organization. Some will be backed in profitable businesses of their own, merchandising Bowes products. Others will be fitted to embark upon successful selling careers with other forward-looking employers.

BOWES



YOU CAN HELP make this plan available to many more veterans than we alone can reach. Ask your boy or other loved one in the armed forces to write to us. If you are an employer, big business or little business, write us today for full information about the Bowes Plan.

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Men derive a deep satisfaction in finding today's Old Crow unchanged—despite wartime conditions. Not as plentiful, of course, as in pre-war days, but you should be able to get Old Crow if you keep asking for it.



TODAY, AS FOR GENERATIONS, *Bottled-in-Bond*

Kentucky Straight Whiskey • Bourbon or Rye • This whiskey is 4 years old • National Distillers Products Corporation, New York • 100 Proof

crimson rivers whipping off his clothing, plastering the dissolving cockpit. He can't see the flaming inferno of his wing tank, but suddenly he can feel the heat, the blinding, paralyzing heat and it washes into him like a nauseating flood.

As the flight deck looms before his crumbling body, some dying reflex stirs his numbing fingers on the trigger of the bomb release. That's all, Flat Face. You don't even hear the crash.

ON BOARD once more, we find our pal the Control Officer has been knocked clean off his feet and his phones are wrapped around his knees. He scrambles upright and hangs on.

The plane carrier is still bucking like a horse and a huge pall of dirty red smoke blossoms up from the sea over the port quarter aft. He licks his dry lips and says over and over again, "Goddamn! Goddamn!"

Much, much later down in the ward room, he will have a chance to say, "Oh, yes, I have damn good boys up there with me. I'm sure our fives blew part of his tail off before the 40's took him apart. Of course it was sheer luck his bomb dropped short, but it must have been some last minute shot that made him jerk his controls and spin the plane off to the left. Talk about a near miss! Did you see him drop his wing, and shoot clear over those port side gun mounts? Boy, did he blow—! Yes, really, it was certainly mighty damn good shooting."

And if you're still down under that desk on the sixth deck, I bet you don't get up right away. If you tried to, I bet your knees wouldn't hold you up. . . .



NIMROD'S CHILDREN

(Continued from page 27)

On the opposite end of the scale was a bunch of foreign-born coal miners from Pennsylvania. They knew nothing about arms, so it was natural that the first time they pulled the trigger of the Springfield the resulting roar, muzzle blast and wallop of the old gal would scare them. The job was to get them over it as quickly as possible, but it wasn't always simple. In spite of explanations about trigger squeeze and other technique they would invariably close both eyes and yank wildly, sending the bullet off crazily into space. Rarely did they hit the target, which was six feet square, with a 20-inch bull—the standard target used on naval ranges in those days. At 200 yards, the shortest distance, making a good prone, slow-fire score was no trick even for a beginner.

One of the coaches had a particularly hard case, a fellow who was terrified of the rifle. No amount of talk did any good. "Dese gon, she's no shoot straight," the inductee complained. "I'm aim like you say, but de bullet no hit. Bum gon."

That gave the coach an idea. Taking the rifle, he got into the sling, wormed into the prone position, took careful aim and lobbed one into the bull very near the center. When the target came up the small cardboard spotter showed white against the black bullseye. Shooting again, he sent the spotter spinning. He had exceptionally good luck and did it once more.

Then the range phone rang and a kid-ding voice from the butts said, "Tell that coach on Number 15 to stop shooting; we're tired of chasing spotters." "Tony" was goggle-eyed at the exhibition. He had to admit that the rifle did shoot. Before long he started plopping them in himself.

During wartime, conservation departments in the various States have hard going, due to lack of the normal flow of funds from licenses, and the difficulty of obtaining competent personnel. This is particularly true with the warden service, some



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Whistling Wings in your favorite marsh

Seconds ago they were just pin points against the distant sky, but here they come . . . swinging down in range. It's a tense and exciting moment but you know you can depend on the speed, power and range of Super-X shells and

the fast, smooth action of your Winchester.

The flock flares as you rise . . . you drop one, then you spot another swinging wide and high. Again the *short shot string* of Super-X proves its value.

When sporting ammunition is again available be sure to get Super-X. Western Cartridge Company, East Alton, Illinois, Division of Olin Industries, Inc.



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If you suffer with those terrible attacks of Asthma when it is hot and sultry; if heat, dust and general mugginess make you wheeze and choke as if each gasp for breath was the very last, if restful sleep is impossible because of the struggle to breathe; if you feel the disease is slowly wearing your life away, don't fail to send at once to the Frontier Asthma Co. for a free trial of a remarkable method. No matter where you live or whether you have any faith in any remedy under the Sun, send for this free trial. If you have suffered for a lifetime and tried everything you could learn of without relief; even if you are utterly discouraged, do not abandon hope but send today for this free trial. It will cost you nothing. Address

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THE AMERICAN LEGION NATL. HDQTS. INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA

FINANCIAL STATEMENT, APRIL 30, 1945

Assets

Cash on hand and on deposit.....	\$1,020,961.20
Accounts receivable	142,907.92
Inventories	125,381.15
Invested funds	3,442,442.82
Permanent investment:	
Overseas Graves Decoration Trust Fund	244,304.41
Employees' Retirement Trust Fund.....	309,538.59
Office Bldg. Washington, D. C.,—less	
depreciation	127,451.29
Furniture, fixtures and equipment,—less	
depreciation	58,588.43
Deferred charges	80,493.89
	\$5,552,069.70

Liabilities, Deferred Revenue and Net Worth

Current liabilities	\$ 131,550.24
Funds restricted as to use.....	66,610.79
Deferred revenue	758,954.89
Permanent Trusts:	
Overseas Graves Deco-	
ration Trust Fund...\$	244,304.41
Employees' Retirement	
Trust Fund	309,538.59
Net Worth:	553,843.00
Restricted Capital...\$	3,395,825.59
Unrestricted Capital ..	655,285.19
	\$4,011,110.78
	\$5,552,069.70

DONALD G. GLASCOFF, National Adjutant

Yes Sir—
IT'S TRUE!

*You can enjoy the
luxury of fine clothes
tailored to your order
at popular prices...*

STRAND

made-to-measure
CLOTHES



Clothes that are "precision-tailored"—that fit with 100% perfection, rather than "pretty good"—that's what you get when you buy STRAND CLOTHES... direct! The prices are surprisingly modest. You can choose from hundreds of fine, all-wool fabrics, you can pick exactly the style you prefer, you can get individual made-to-measure tailoring service—all at popular prices!

Take a look at the Strand line and make your own comparisons. The proof of the quality is in the wearing!



sections having been reduced to a skeleton staff. Most of the officers now serving are experienced old timers, wise to the ways of the transgressor, and their record of apprehending violators is consistently high. A certain angler who fished a Vermont river near my home last September will swear to this.

It is a stream which contains both bass and trout. The trout season closes on the 14th of August, but fishermen are permitted to take black bass until October. This fellow and a friend were fishing a pool well back from the road and they had the river to themselves. They had caught a couple of legal bass and were feeling pretty good. Suddenly there was a heavy strike, followed by a spirited fight. After some exciting moments a fine rainbow trout weighing better than three pounds was netted. Of course it was illegal to keep him, but it seemed a shame to turn him loose. No one would ever know; the pool was perfectly concealed and it would be an easy matter to get away with it.

So the angler who caught the fish walked furtively up the beach a few yards and

carefully hid his prize under a flat rock. He resumed his fishing with smugness; the trout could be concealed in the tool kit of the car on the way home. It was a pushover.

In a short while the bushes parted and a figure appeared. It was a warden. "Just making a routine checkup," he explained. Licenses? They were in order. Any luck? The bass were in order, too. The officer was friendly enough, but when he departed he gave a route up the river. In fact he walked directly to the rock involved in the plot, lifted it and produced the glistening rainbow. "Which one of you caught this?" he asked. There was a moment of embarrassed silence, then one of the men blurted out, "Well I know I didn't." There was nothing for the other fellow to do but own up. The local Justice fined him \$25. He was still pondering on how he came to be caught, as he produced his billfold. The old warden helped him out. "You forgot that this is a hill country, didn't you?" he said quietly. "With these glasses I can cover quite a sweep of river, by climbing up a bit, and save a heap of footwork. They're right good, too. Seven power, prewar make."

THE LINK-UP WAS A FROLIC

(Continued from page 11)

our jeeps was already cresting the other side of the valley and when it reached the waiting Russians it was lost to sight, surrounded by Russians.

A second jeep followed in the path of the first and just before reaching the crest of the hill it twisted into the air, clothed in flame. In the same moment, I was flat on the ground, like a fish. We were being shelled, we thought. Peering from under the brim of my helmet, I could see that the Russians, like us, were flat on the ground. There were no more explosions. Russians and Americans hurried to the jeep. Two of the men were dead and one was wounded. Russians helped American medics bear the wounded man to our ambulance. The happy event, which we had all looked forward to, wasn't happy now. The jeep hadn't been shelled. It had hit a mine the Russians had laid earlier. In the excitement of the meeting, they had neglected to warn us.

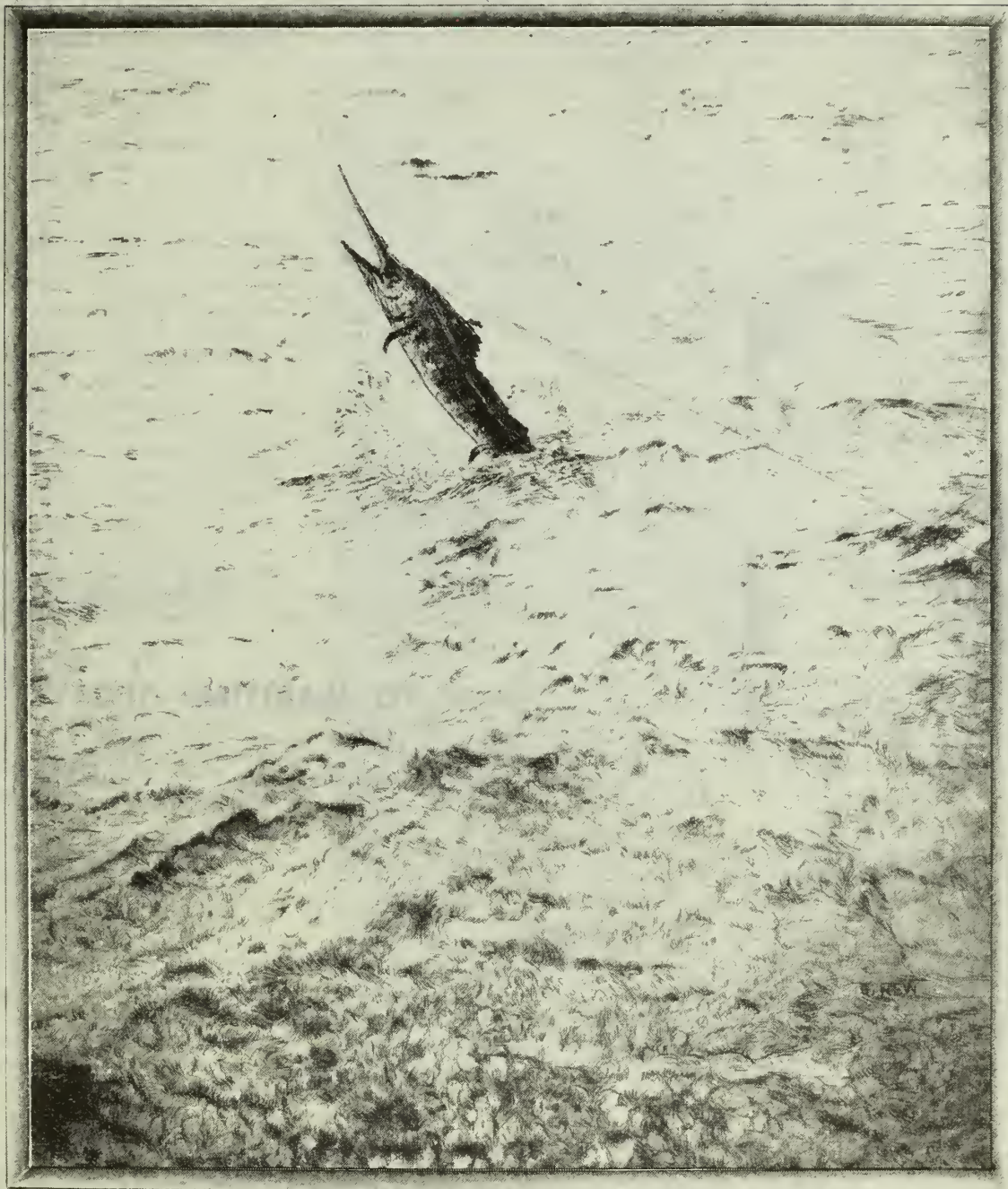
I made a quick sketch of Platoon Sergeant Raymond Gard of Ottumwa, Iowa, the first American to actually shake the hand of a Red Army soldier. He had been in the first jeep.

"When we left the forest," Gard said, "the first thing I saw was a Russian tank parked alongside a barn near this town. The guy in the turret waved, so I figured it was all clear. Then we drove toward the Russians, whom we could see on the road leading into the town. Guess they didn't recognize us at first. They opened up with a machine gun. I waved and yelled 'Americansky.' They stopped firing and began to

wave at us. I jumped off the jeep and shook the hand of the first Russian I'd ever seen. He looked like a Chinaman... a Mongolian, or something. Then a captain grabbed me and danced me around. Then I heard a shell or something go off behind us. It was our guys, in the second jeep... blown right up where we had passed over. Guess we were lucky. Ruined everything for me."

In the time I was sketching the sergeant, Americans and Russians who hadn't seen the accident had come into Appollonsdorf and were liking each other and celebrating. GIs were wearing cossack hats and Russian GIs were wearing American helmets. There was handshaking and hugging and kissing, which wasn't so enjoyable for our guys except when it was a Russian WAC doing it. From every Russian pocket vodka was being produced and with the vodka, supplemented by wine and kümmel from German homes, the meeting was becoming gay.

The scene in the main street of the village was a melange of Americans and Russians, of olive drab and blue and khaki and of red flags hanging from every window. The flags evidently were not hung there by civilians, because for the first time since coming to Germany we found a place without civilians. As T/5 James Duval of Alexandria, Va., put it, "These guys are really tough. They got a reputation. I don't blame those civilians for beating it. They don't seem to have any equipment like us but I'm glad we don't have to fight 'em." Alongside our men, the Russians looked like a rather ragged army.



Acrobats of the Gulf Stream

Constant Quality

Miller's

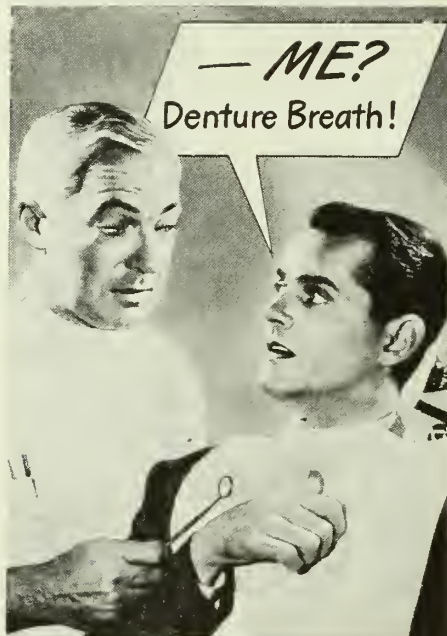


HIGH LIFE

MILLER BREWING COMPANY, MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN



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Soak denture or bridge in Polident 15 minutes or more—rinse—it's ready to use. A daily bath keeps it sparkling clean, odor-free.

NO BRUSHING



POLIDENT

**USE DAILY TO KEEP PLATES,
BRIDGES CLEAN...ODOR-FREE!**

44

The AMERICAN LEGION Magazine

There were no two uniforms completely alike and their quilted coats and overcoats were torn and worn.

PFC Nolan S. Thomas of Willette, Tenn., asked a Russian officer when their uniforms had been issued to them. The Russian told him they had received them at Stalingrad. Thomas agreed that two years and a thousand miles of fighting could ruin the looks of any uniform.

EVERY ONE of our fellows seemed to have been found by a blood brother during the meeting. A lieutenant claimed me and not only kissed me but practically tore my clothes off with his excited embraces. He insisted on my eating from the same side of a sandwich he had been eating, drinking from the same side of his vodka cup and, finally, exchanging his very wet pipe for my new Dunhill and making me smoke it while he smoked mine. Had I intended sticking around, obviously the next step would have been to apply for a marriage license.

With another correspondent, I was taken into a house by Russian officers who

wanted to celebrate with music as well as drink. A phonograph was started and when the strains of "Lili Marlene" began to fill the room a captain smashed the disk with a champagne bottle. Not trusting the record collection of this German home, the captain called in a Red Army infantryman with an accordion and to the music of Red Army marches as a background, toasted the American Army, the Russian Army, Stalin, Truman, Roosevelt, Churchill, Ford, Studebaker and Willis. They told me that without the American trucks and tanks and jeeps, they could never have beaten the Germans.

The celebration lasted until late afternoon, when obviously it was time to return to Coswig. The linkup had been made. We had seen the Russians. They had seen us. There were no longer Germans between us. The Russians were good. We were good. The war in Europe was over. Instead of going east, we could now begin to go west and they could go east. If we went far enough west and they went far enough east, we might meet again . . . in Tokyo. We were the best two armies in the world.

BACK TO MARITIME GLORY

(Continued from page 24)

3. That it should be operated under the American flag by Americans insofar as practicable.

4. That the fleet should consist of the best-equipped, safest and most suitable types of vessels, constructed in the United States and manned by trained, efficient citizen personnel.

The new law abandoned the old system of subsidies through government ocean-mail contracts, practiced for many years but never satisfactorily. It substituted a plan whereby the Government paid the shipowners in foreign commerce the difference in cost between operating American and foreign-flag ships on the same routes. The Merchant Marine Act also ended construction loans, established by the Jones-White Act of 1928. This gave way to a government-aid plan under which the Government paid, up to a certain percentage, the difference between construction costs in American and foreign shipyards. A very large part of this U. S. subsidy goes into the pockets of American workers and American seamen.

By the end of 1937, the Maritime Commission, established to administer the new law, had evolved a long-range program designed to produce 500 modern dry-cargo and cargo-passenger ships within the following ten years. This program was intended to replace obsolete vessels, to modernize and strengthen but not to enlarge our merchant marine. In September, 1939, eleven of these ships had been delivered, and another forty were in various stages of completion. With the outbreak

of war, the Commission's program was speeded up to a rate of 75 instead of 50 ships a year. The program was stepped up again in 1940, and yet again early in 1941, when an emergency fleet of 200 standardized cargo carriers, first of the Liberty ships, got under way. But on December 7, 1941, we still had only 11 million tons of ocean-going merchant ships.

We had, however, yards in which to build more. In 1937, when the Maritime Commission was projecting its 10-year program for 500 cargo vessels, there were only 10 operating commercial yards, with 45 ways, in all the United States. Naval con-



"Guess Sgt. Platzzer told th' men they were restricted again!"

a

BROOKLYN

grows

in the

TREES



Wherever GI's move in, they take a part of America with them . . . the speech, the place names, the interests of home. Overnight, a branch Brooklyn or Peoria comes into being among the jungle trees . . . the ruins of a town.

Pin-up pictures are a part of these Brooklyns . . . swing records . . . comic books. Always present, too, are technical and business textbooks and instruction papers. Thinking ahead to tomorrow while they are fighting magnificently today, our men are preparing for victory in post-war careers as in present battles.

Many of the texts they use are supplied by International Correspondence

Schools. These are texts especially designed for study anywhere — a hut in a New Brooklyn of the South Pacific, a home in Brooklyn, N. Y.

Honorably discharged veterans who want to continue their studies while at work are finding that there's nothing quite like I. C. S.

This parallels the experience of the thousands of Legionnaires who

enrolled as veterans of World War I. They *learned* as they *earned* and many are numbered among America's industrial and business leaders today.

Here's the answer for every returning veteran of your family and acquaintance whose studying for security and advancement must be done right on the job. Write today for the informative booklet giving full information.

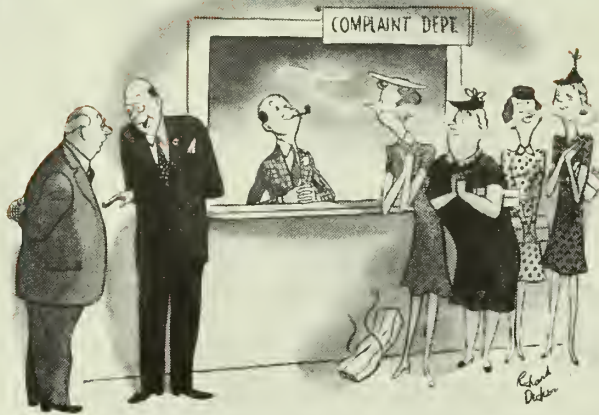
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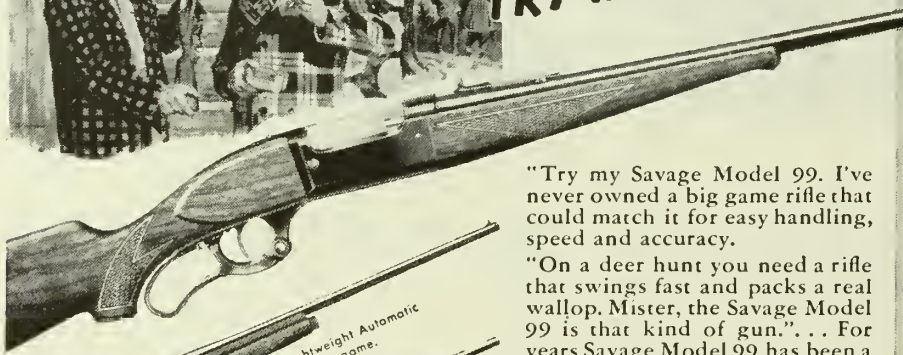
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struction took up most of these. Except for these few yards, we had lost our ship-building know-how; no cargo ship had been built in an American yard since 1922, only a limited number of passenger liners; no ocean-going vessel of any kind had been built in a Gulf or Pacific yard since the end of the last war's construction program. By Pearl Harbor the Maritime Commission had revived the dormant Coast and Gulf yards, had fostered the establishment of new ones. There were then 40 private yards, on the western and eastern seaboards and on the Gulf, with over 200 ways completed or under construction, available for the wartime merchant ship program.

THE SPEED with which ships have poured from these yards has been beyond imagination. In the First World War, 73 shipyards with 390 ways contracted to build the "bridge of ships" to France. They built over 2,300 vessels of varying sizes and types, but not one was in service before the Armistice. Soon after this, in spite of a number of subsidy laws, our merchant marine was allowed to slide once more into a minor-league position.

In the three and a half years since Pearl Harbor, our yards have produced over 4,500 ocean-going ships and some hundreds of smaller ones, totaling nearly 49 million deadweight tons. Two-thirds, instead of a seventh, of the world's merchant fleet flies Old Glory. By the end of this year, it is estimated, our merchant marine will total well over 4,000 ships, some 55 million deadweight tons—five times as much tonnage as in 1939, and most of it new.

This vast fleet will consist of more than 2,600 Liberty ships, more than 460 Victory ships, more than 650 swift C-type cargo ships, some 640 fast ocean tankers, plus coastal ships and tankers, barges, tugs, and miscellaneous types. The Liberty—the sturdy mass-production freighter which launched Eisenhower in Europe and MacArthur in the Philippines—is relatively slow, making with her 11-odd knots about two-thirds the speed of the Victory or C-types. Leaving aside the Libertys, which the British are reported to consider first-rate tramp steamers for post-war use, we shall still have on V-J Day close to 1,200 fast, modern merchant ships in addition to the 640 tankers.

What are we going to do with this tremendous tonnage? How much of it shall we dispose of, and to whom? How much of it shall we keep, and how shall we use it? Should we hold on to our newly-won position as the world's No. 1 maritime power, through subsidies if necessary? How will our possession of this huge fleet affect international trade and, ultimately, the peace of the world?

The proponents of a strong merchant marine argue first that adequate shipping is essential to our national defense; that

the United States must not be caught a third time, as in 1914 and 1939, without ships to export its goods, without ships to supply its armed services and its allies.

THE PROPONENTS of a merchant marine point out also that the period of our self-sufficiency, if it ever existed, has ended. This war has taught us how heavily dependent we are on foreign trade. Before the war, it is true, our exports amounted to only about 10 percent of our total production, but these exports were acutely important to the industries involved. We shipped overseas, for instance, over half of our cotton production, 30 percent of our phosphates, 30 percent of our output of lubricants; 35 percent of our dried fruits went abroad; so did 20 percent of our agricultural machinery, and 10 percent of our auto production. Similarly with imports. All the coffee, tin and natural rubber came to us from overseas, and 70 percent of the sugar and 35 percent of the wool. An American merchant marine will protect our businessmen against exorbitant foreign rates on all this.

Moreover, the U. S. Maritime Commission and the Department of Commerce believe that our postwar foreign trade will be double what it was before the war. In 1937, the nearest to a "normal" pre-war year, our exports amounted to 3.3 billion dollars and our imports to 3 billions. Commerce Department authorities think our overseas commerce may reach, in terms of 1942 prices, as much as 6 or 7 billion dollars in each direction. They emphasize that if we maintain full employment and production at home, we shall need more raw materials and other goods than ever in our history. They remind us that for several years after V-J Day American ships will be needed to rotate troops, to bring

others home, to supply occupied areas, and to carry supplies for the reconstruction of liberated countries. After that, there are still limitless undeveloped frontiers: in China, India, Africa, much of South America, there are railroads, roads and bridges to be built, factories to be equipped, potential markets of millions of people to be supplied. In all of this American business could participate and American ships could carry goods.

The Merchant Marine Act of 1936 envisaged a merchant fleet carrying "a substantial portion" of our foreign commerce. The Maritime Commission interprets "substantial portion" as meaning about 50 percent. Accordingly the Commission plans a post-war fleet to total some 17.3 million deadweight tons. That fleet would be divided as follows: 3.5 million tons for the Great Lakes, 2.5 million tons for the rivers, 3.8 million in coastal and intercoastal trade, and 7.5 million tons in foreign trade. As for the rest of our present 55 million tons, the Commission proposes to assign some 6 million tons to purely military and naval service and to hold 21.5 million tons in a national defense reserve. Around 10 million tons the Commission intends to sell to foreign nations to help reconstruct their merchant marines.

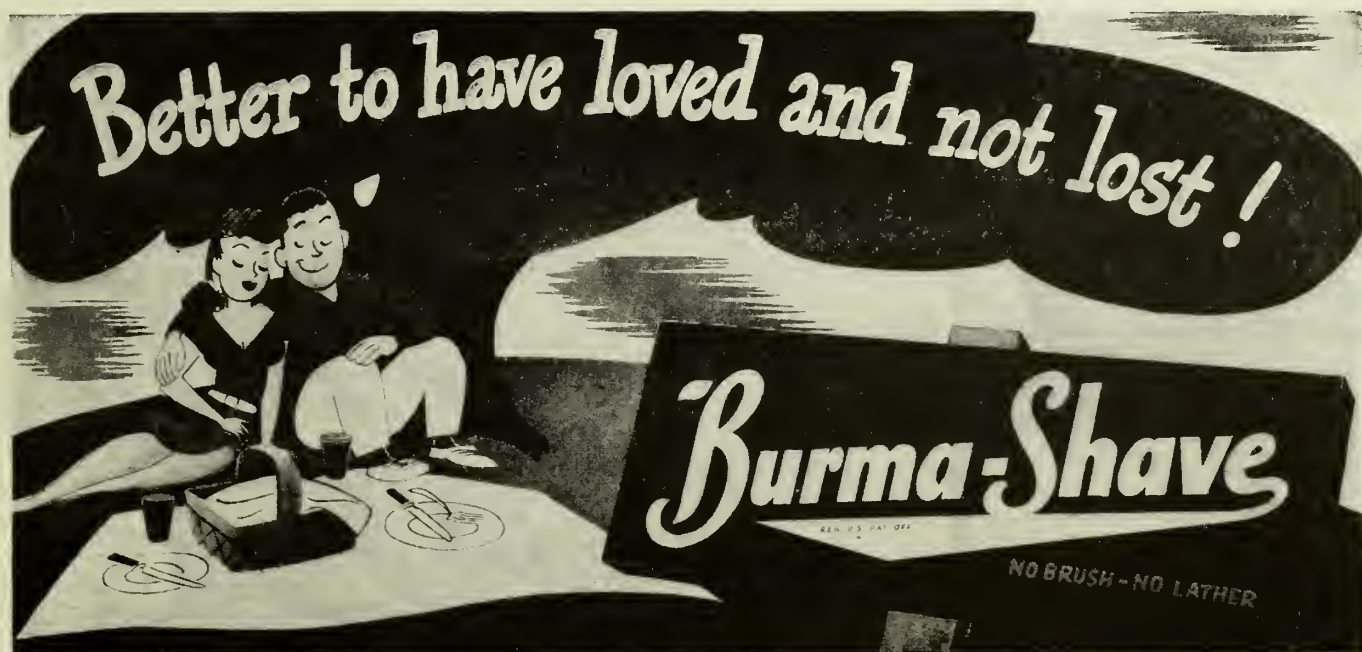
How heavy a burden on the taxpayer is implied by a merchant fleet of 17-odd million deadweight tons? The Maritime Commission reminds the anxious public that only ships in foreign trade are to be subsidized, and not all of these. Only ships on "essential trade routes" receive government assistance. This assistance, under the Merchant Marine Act, takes the form, not of the old outright subsidy, but of payments which place the American ship operator on a parity with his foreign competitor. A very large part of the difference

between foreign and domestic costs goes to American workers and American seamen.

The differentials paid on construction in the six years 1938-43 averaged about \$21,000,000 a year net. The operating differentials between 1937 and 1942 averaged about \$3,500,000, mounting in the most expensive year to \$13,000,000. And it is important to remember that the Merchant Marine Act contains a recapture clause: if an operator's net profits over a 10-year period go above 10 percent, he must return half the excess to the Government, up to the amount of payments received. In peacetime, Admiral Emory S. Land, Chairman of the Commission, has pointed out, if the ships travel "full and down," they can earn enough to repay the operating differentials to the Government.

Every nation will want to expand its trade after the war. To some nations international trade is the core of their existence. It is the view of the Maritime Commission that ways and means can and must be found to expand not only our trade, but that of the other nations of the world, through a free exchange of goods. As Admiral Land has put it repeatedly, the pie of international commerce will be big enough for all; if it isn't, the world must bake a bigger pie and share it fairly.

There is yet another factor on which the future of our merchant marine depends. During the war the number of officers and men sailing American ships has increased from about 55,000 to nearly 250,000. If the fair wages and decent living conditions achieved by the Maritime Commission and the War Shipping Administration with the co-operation of operators and unions, are maintained and improved, many Americans will gladly follow the sea. They have proved their seamanship during the war with tenacity and high courage.



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THREE GENTLEMEN OF F

(Continued from page 13)

point as a straight line in height when drawn up on parade, the men were “sized” meticulously, the tallest being in the “flanker” companies A F, at the ends of the line.

I happen to have been in F Company. Thus can I claim nearness to the future great, for in old F Co. were Eisenhower, Omar Bradley and Mark Clark. Eisenhower was a color sergeant. Bradley was the first sergeant for most of 1915 and later a lieutenant.

Somehow, I feel that F Company had not only the Spirit of Old West Point but an aura of its own—a spirit hard to explain. You would hear allusion to F Company from other members of the Corps which tended to prove it had “something different” about it. The Company had more than its share of football and other athletic stars, but only one “star” man. A “star” man is one who wears a gold star on his collar for exceedingly high attainment in scholarship. We were lucky to have one. He kept us in the running.

Probably, this spirit of F Company was epitomized best by Bradley himself. Upper-classmen always haze plebes, but at times, by devious ways, they also haze their fellow classmates. I do not think there was a plebe in F Company, who was not forced, by a 1915 man, to take a crack at his top sergeant, Omar N. Bradley.

At ease in line, within Bradley's hearing, some first classman would say:

“Mr. Ducrot, what did Mr. Bradley say to the Commandant of Cadets.”

The plebe would reply, “Sir, I would rather be the first sergeant of F Company than a lieutenant in any other Company in the Corps.”

Whereupon “top-kick” Bradley would descend on the luckless plebe and tell him to “drag your chin in, get some blood in your ears and pull in that enormous

stomach.” But the “crawling” didn't last long. It was merely perfunctory for a blasé plebe. If Bradley could take it, so could we. A lesser soul would have “crawled” us for days or challenged his classmates.

Even *The Howitzer*, the yearbook at the Point, in Bradley's biography has the alleged famous saying, even raising the non-desired rank to “Captain.” I doubt if Bradley said it in those words. He probably told the Commandant, when offered a promotion in another Company, “Sir, I would like to decline. I would rather remain in F Company.” The loyalty was there, but Bradley wasn't the type who would express it in such grandiloquent style.

The *Howitzer* biographer also wrote: “Omar has three loves—baseball, football and F Company.” Probably he sensed the spirit of F Company better than any other cadet, yet was “ribbed” for his loyalty. The tactical department later made him a lieutenant in F Company. He turned down a “make” elsewhere but got it in F Company in the end.

The cadet who wrote his biography ended with words that have proved prophetic: “. . . and some day we'll be proud to tell our grandchildren, ‘Sure, I knew General Bradley. He was a classmate of mine.’”

Reading the late Ernie Pyle's articles on Bradley, I have come to the conclusion that the years have mellowed the General. The warm disposition Ernie portrayed was always there—but in the background. We knew he had a deep religious sense, as had Eisenhower, and that he would think of his men first and himself last. Even to us plebes, Bradley seemed a bashful, humble man—the sternness being but a mask. From Ernie's description he is still humble—as only the truly great are humble.

Like Eisenhower, Bradley was an “A” man in football. He also won it in baseball a few times over. He batted .383 and



many a base stealer wished he had not trifled with Bradley's throwing arm.

To me, Mark Clark was the real surprise. His journey by submarine to confer with French officers did not astound me. As a cadet he always was up to some deviltry. Whether it was running "contraband" (food) into camp for a "hoodle fight," "dragging" a classmate, which consisted of dousing him while he slept, Clark was most likely to be in on the fun. And he could take it, too. From what I have seen of fighting and fighters, this type is the one who usually performs acts of heroism. All honor to Mark Clark for combining with this willingness to take a chance the straight thinking that has made him worthy of four stars on each shoulder.

Judging from the war movies, Clark, the fun-loving youth, is now the most serious; Bradley, the most serious cadet, has the greatest tendency to smile.

I'm afraid that "Ike," the Kansan, will not get the wish he so often expressed in song—to be buried "out on the lone prairie." When in the words of "Benny Havens, Oh!" the three gentlemen from F Company "are called before the Final Judge, our course of life to 'view'"—when they have "joined the Army of the Blest, at Benny Havens, Oh," then a grateful nation may insist they be interred at Arlington.

FOOTBALL

(Continued from page 30)

you? I can tell you right now that *it isn't*.

We know that competitive athletics are due for a tremendous upsurge after the war. I believe The American Legion and other veterans' groups will spearhead the drive to assure the physical soundness of America's youth. The magnificent success of the Legion's Junior Baseball program is convincing evidence of what can be accomplished along these lines on a national scale.

The first published statement by K. L. (Tug) Wilson following his appointment in April as commissioner of athletics for the Western Conference revealed his aims for vast expansion of the conference's competitive sports program. New sports will be added to those now recognized, and intercollegiate schedules will be drawn for as many as three teams in some sports.

A well-conceived and comprehensive obstacle course fits right into this picture, primarily for use in physical training and determining the degrees of fitness of individuals in large groups of students—a "must" in our thinking toward the future.

The present trickle of veterans who are all "steamed up" and "rarin' to go" in collegiate sports competition will eventually swell to a large stream.

Questions most frequently asked me concerning the prospects for returning men

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can best be answered by citing the cases of three of the dozen-or-so medically discharged vets who figure in our plans for the 1945 season.

One, a former all-city high school line-man in Minneapolis, joined the Army before having an opportunity to go to college. His leg from the knee down was horribly shattered by a land mine in Italy during fighting there more than a year ago.

Miraculous surgery by army doctors saved his limb. After leaving the hospital on crutches and receiving his medical discharge, he came to the University of Minnesota to make arrangements for entering under the G.I. Bill.

"I'll do anything to play football again," he told Jim Junt, our head trainer. Jim encouraged him, and after four months of faithful application to a routine of exercise he was able to discard his cane.

As he left in June for a summer camp where he can continue to build himself up, he asked me if he might draw a pair of football shoes, promising, "You're going to have a hard time leaving me off your club in the fall."

WILL THE RETURNING vets have the desire for competitive athletics? Let the foregoing case serve as your answer.

A husky, serious young man just out of the Marine Corps via a medical discharge introduced himself to me last winter, showed me a hand that had been rendered virtually useless as a result of an in-service injury, told me he had played two years of college ball before entering the Marine Corps, stated that he had enrolled at Minnesota, and indicated a desire to participate in winter practice. Trainer Hunt rigged up a special leather brace for the weakened hand.

In my many years of coaching I have never seen a man with the dash and fire that our newcomer put into every movement.

"Do you suppose returning vets will have lost their competitive urge?" This man has



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already answered this oft-asked question for me. I'd like a couple of dozen more just like him.

"What about the older men?" We have on our football squad a wearer of the honorable discharge pin who is 29. He couldn't afford to go to college after graduating from high school. He entered Minnesota during the past school year under the G.I. Bill. We rate this man as one of our leading end prospects though he has been away from competitive football for about ten years.

When an acquaintance expressed surprise at seeing him out for spring football, our end aspirant quipped back, "The Army put me in better shape than ever before. I'm really rarin' to go now."

These three examples are not intended as patterns which will be followed by hundreds of thousands of veterans who will fall into similar categories. I choose them to illustrate what *can* be done because it is *being done* before our eyes.

AFTER THE WAR we'll come to a period during which material available for college football will be well above par. Contrary to a popular belief, it will not be immediately after the war's end, but some time later. The peak development in team strength will be even longer in arriving. Teams of great power do not jell overnight, or in a single season. We will see our top collegiate teams building to maximum efficiency probably two years after the flow of returning servicemen reaches its height.

We will see a new offensive-defensive cycle in football started during the 1945 season, inspired by the rule new to college football which makes permissible passing from any place behind the line of scrimmage.

For the next season or two the offensive (passing) team will have an added advantage, which will diminish as coaches devise ways and means of counteracting it. In this respect football will always be like warfare. Someone originates an offensive implement which is devastatingly successful at first. The enemy then exerts its ingenuity to diminish and often nullify its effectiveness.

While anticipating more specifically impending developments in football, I am fully aware of the expansion and prosperity ahead for recreation and athletics in all forms. Sandlot, interscholastic, intercollegiate, and professional athletics are heading into their greatest era. Let's hope that the promotion and administration of these programs are intelligent and sane. Their importance to the "American system" and the establishing of high standards of physical fitness for future generations makes constructive thinking and leadership imperative.

We can't take chances on fumbling. There's too much at stake.

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American Legion War Correspondent

With the 38th Division, Luzon

STEVE BRODIE took a chance when he dived from Brooklyn Bridge. So did Brigadier General William C. (Wild Bill) Chase when he led his "Flying Squadron" 1st Brigade, 1st Cavalry Division, into Manila—all on his own—in a surprise night attack last February 3d.

Had Brodie failed it would have been his neck. Had Chase failed it probably would have meant utter annihilation for himself and his thin line of dismounted horse soldiers—but if he had failed and survived the failure he probably would have been sent further back into the sticks than a Broadway policeman to a Staten Island beat.

He succeeded in his mission. Congress gave him another star to wear on his shoulder; General Douglas MacArthur gave him a Division of his own, and General Walter Krueger, commanding the 6th Army, personally pinned the Distinguished Service Cross and the Legion of Merit on his sweaty combat fatigues. He had earned all these honors and had amply proved his ability to command.

"Take the 38th Division and do on Bataan what you have just done in Manila," General MacArthur told him just four days after the crash-through into the supreme objective of the Philippines campaign. Under him the 38th won a new name and a new shoulder patch. It is now known as the "Avengers of Bataan"—an accolade for the thorough job the outfit did in avenging the heroic defenders when the Japs swept over the Philippines like a tidal wave in the early days of the war.

There followed 45 days of strenuous fighting in the rugged Zambales Mountains in Central Luzon. On the successful completion of this mission, Chase's Division was immediately sent into the mountains of eastern Luzon to do a similar job, with similar results.

General Chase is not a Johnny-come-

lately in Army circles. He's an old timer who enlisted in the Rhode Island National Guard in 1913 as a buck private and has worked his way up to major general commanding one of the best fighting units in any man's army. A native of Providence, R. I., he was graduated from Brown University with the class of 1916. He served on the Mexican Border with his unit as a sergeant, and after graduation applied for discharge to accept a commission as 2d lieutenant, Cavalry, in the Regular Army. He planned to make soldiering a career.

He went to France as captain in the 11th Machine Gun Battalion, 4th Division, and earned a battle name—"Wild Bill"—and had a tour in the Army of Occupation in Germany before returning home.

Stocky, slightly under average height,

Meet Wild Bill Chase, also known as Private Kalinkovitch to his toughened jungle fighters. He's earned both monickers



Gen. Walter Krueger, 6th Army Commander, congratulates Maj. Gen. William C. Chase of the 38th Division, after pinning on his tunic the DSC and the Legion of Merit

with closely cropped graying black hair and a stubby moustache, General Chase gets along with snatches of sleep when his men are fighting and has a habit of popping into the forward observation posts when things are hottest. He calls squad leaders by their first names, has a snappy come-back to any repartee, and frequently drops into a foxhole for a chat with the soldier. The men know him, respect him—and follow his leadership. He's Private Kalinkovitch—"PK"—to his officers and men, because he always wants to know how Private Kalinkovitch is getting along.

"Good leadership is knowing what to do when the going is the toughest," he told his officers. "It's an accumulation that you roll up with years of service. When you get into a box and your men must die, you wish you had more time to learn how to keep the white crosses down."



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